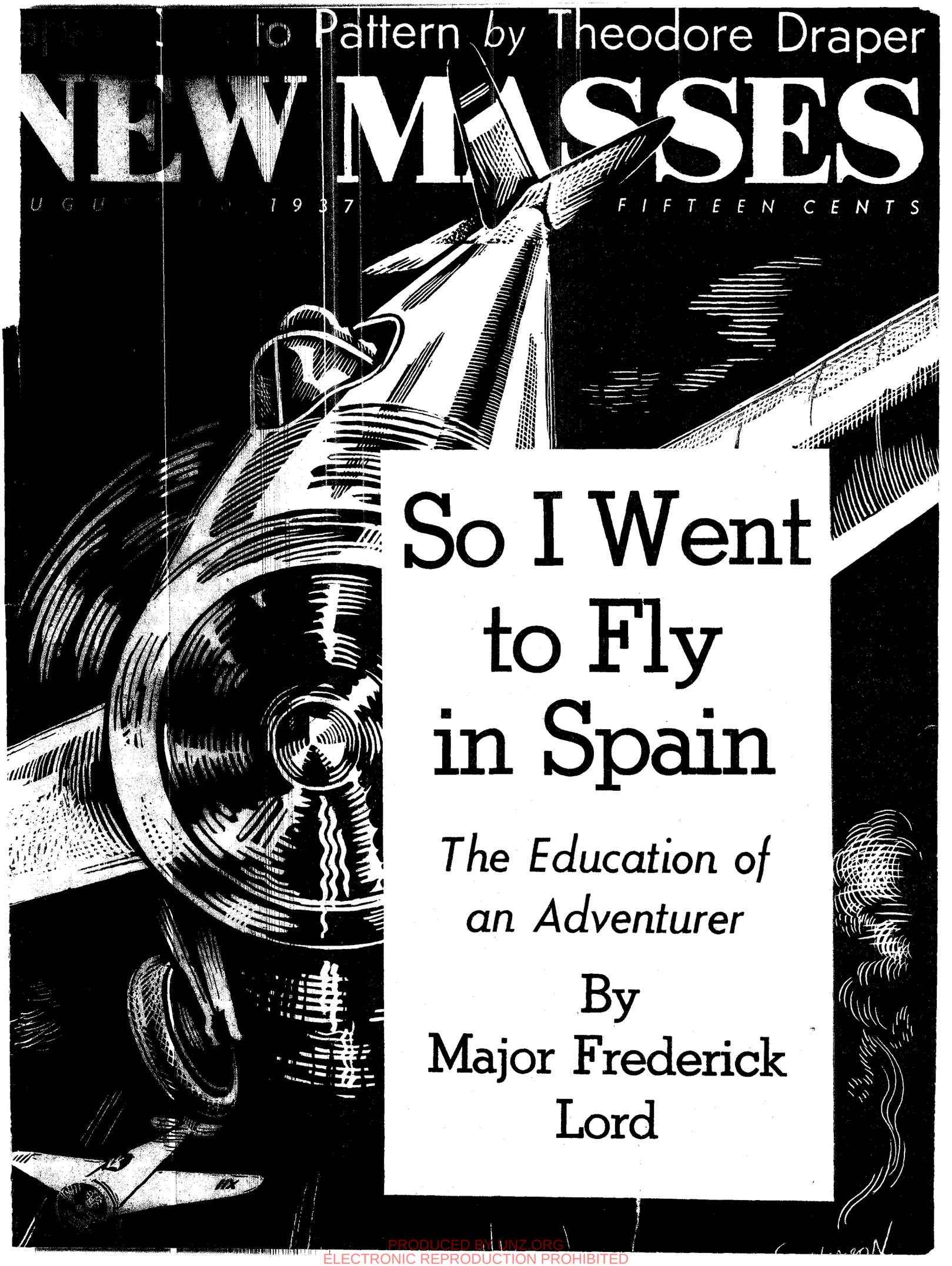

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

EARLY in July the International Writers' Congress met in Valencia—in the capital of the nation where the struggle of democracy against fascism—the struggle to which the writers' congress is dedicated—has reached its sharpest form. This congress followed national congresses in a score of countries. The report of Malcolm Cowley, head of the American delegation, to the League of American Writers, is published on page 16, of this issue. He remarks on the difficulty the British delegates had in getting to the congress. Stephen Spender, one of the Britishers, in addressing the congress, spoke in part as follows:

"That the International Congress of Writers should be held in Spain this year is a gesture of the Spanish government worthy of the great traditions of Spanish generosity. The response of the world's writers to the invitation that they should meet this year in Barcelona, Valencia, and Madrid, hammered at by Franco's shells, is extremely impressive. Here in Valencia are writers from England, Germany, Italy, Portugal, who have come here despite the varying degrees of severity with which they have been banned by their governments, and delegates who have come from Scandinavia, Iceland, Russia, and all the countries of South America. If the French writers have had less obstructions and distance to overcome, they have nevertheless borne a great share of organizing for the congress. Personally I shall never forget the wonderful work for Spanish democracy of André Malraux and Louis Aragon. . . ."

And Malcolm Cowley, in addressing the delegates, said, among other things:

"Here in Valencia I find it impossible to deliver the address that I thought of writing back in New York. Here in Valencia the one topic that holds my attention to the exclusion of everything else is the war against fascism—Spanish, German, Italian, international. And when I see the magnificent struggle of the Spanish people—when I see the hardships and bombardments that they have to undergo even here, two hundred miles behind the lines, and how they are adjusting themselves to a new life, and how they are creating a new discipline and organization from below, in a country where the only unity, in the old days, was imposed from above—then I cannot talk about literary questions, and indeed I am almost too humble to speak at all. Spanish comrades, we have come here, all of us, not to advise you, but to be advised; not to teach but to learn.

"But also each of us has come here with a clear picture of conditions in his own country and of the attitude towards the Spanish republic that is held by his own people. And it seems to me that the one service I could perform today is to present a frank report on public opinion in the United States.

"It is confused: that is the one general statement that can be made about it. It was confused in the beginning by fascist propaganda and after a year it remains confused. But there are signs of increasing hostility towards Germany and Italy and increasing sympathy with the Spanish republic. . . .

"But what of the American intellectuals and especially the writers? There has been no such confusion among them as has existed in the public at large. I think it is safe to say that from the very first they have known that you, here in Spain, were fighting their own battle, not only against political tyranny but against ignorance, illiteracy, and falsehood. They have followed your struggle with a continual strained attention. Some of them, I know, have spent their days reading newspapers and have stayed awake until late at night waiting for a last radio report—and then have tossed in their beds till morning thinking of military or political combinations that might bring a speedy victory. They have worked for Spain, they have written articles, they have translated poems, formed committees, held meetings, raised money—but there has not been enough for them to do, and they have been unhappy in the thought that their fate was being decided elsewhere, in the course of a struggle in which they could play only a minor part at best.

"And so the message that I bring from the United States is not so much an offer of help as a call for help. Spanish writers, Spanish comrades, I ask you to tell us about your own struggles—what you have done at the front and at the rear, how you have helped in raising morale and in building a new society while continuing to write poems, some of whose value we can appreciate even in rough translations. I ask you to tell us exactly how we can help you—what we can write for you, what supplies we can send you. Comrades, the important message is not the one that I carry here but the one that I hope to carry home."

Who's Who

AS his article indicates, Major Frederick I. Lord held a commission in the U. S. Army Reserve until his service with the loyalists in Spain was deemed grounds for stripping him of his oak leaves. He had fought in many wars, and had even served with the Whites intervening against the Soviet government in Russia, but the war in Spain was the first to crystallize in him an anti-fascist political philosophy. . . . Adam Lapin has written for us on several occasions. He spent several weeks in the steel-strike area as a correspondent for the *Daily Worker*. . . . Theodore Draper is the foreign editor of the NEW MASSES. His article this week will be followed by another one soon which will discuss the Far East crisis from the standpoint of China's chances for success against Japan. . . . Malcolm Cowley, one of the editors of the *New Republic*, was chosen by the recent American Writers' Congress to head its delegation to the international congress at Valencia. . . . C. Day Lewis is an English left-wing poet and critic whose work has appeared in our pages before. . . . Groff Conklin, whose reviews have appeared in our pages before, has been connected with the Chicago University Press and Robert M. McBride & Co., publishers. . . . Harry Slochower is the author of the current *Three Ways of Modern Man*, a study of Sigrid Undset, Martin Anderson Nexo, and Thomas Mann as representing three main currents in modern thought. . . . The drawing on page 16 by the American artist, Deyo Jacobs, was made in Spain especially for the NEW MASSES and brought to us by Malcolm Cowley. . . . Bryher is one of the editors of *Close-Ups*, an international film magazine and author of *Soviet Film Problems*, the first evaluation of Soviet film technique to appear in English.

Already the sustaining fund campaign has shown results; one person who gave $500 to help solve our recent crisis has announced that he will give that much yearly. Such amounts are, of course, few and far between; even a dollar or two monthly or ten or twenty-five dollars quarterly will make a great difference in our stability. We ask for what you can afford. You need not send in cash for the first payment with your pledge. Just tell us how much you want to send regularly, how often you want to send it, and when you want to begin. Of course, send in your first contribution with your pledge if you are able to do so. We will use Between Ourselves to give you regular reports on the progress of this sustaining fund. Fill out and send in the attached coupon—*now!*

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Flashbacks

"I WAS kidnaped from my hotel in Denver by Colorado State Rangers," writes William Z. Foster of an interruption, August 6, in his speaking tour at the time of the great 1922 railroad strike. "They dropped me," he adds, "on the road ten miles from Torrington, Nebraska." In the Colorado elections that fall, W. E. Sweet, by making the Foster kidnaping case a central issue, was elected governor. . . . While evidence increased that Nazis were arming for a march on Berlin, Hamburg police raided a Communist meeting, August 8, 1932, arresting sixty anti-fascists there. . . . Many on Broadway will recall a bit of off-stage history this week. Actor's Equity, on August 7, 1919, began a strike to compel recognition and collective bargaining. In a few days all the shows in both New York and Chicago were closed. . . . Friedrich Engels, co-founder of Marxism, died in London, August 5, 1895.

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NEW MASSES
AUGUST 10, 1937

The Education of an Adventurer

A soldier of fortune discovers some things about the war in Spain which make it different from the others

By Major Frederick I. Lord

I WAS leaning on the hotel bar at Los Alcazares trying to enjoy the native Spanish cognac. Like olives, I figured, the taste could be cultivated. After the tenth shot, I still winced. But this was my first week in Spain.

"Oyes, compañero!" I glanced around and saw a chap, who like myself was in civvies, leaning next to me on the bar.

"Salud!" and the clenched-fist salute of the loyalist soldier greeted me. Then my companion pushed a bottle of cognac toward me and gestured an invitation to have one with him. I could not understand more, as after the first greeting he burst into voluble French.

"Merci beaucoup," I said, pouring out a hefty one (it was imported, not native stuff, and some of those French pilots were getting five thousand dollars a month as compared to my fifteen hundred). "Non, non, camarade," I interrupted him. "Je ne comprends pas—no speak French."

He looked disappointed. We each took another, and tried our Spanish—not so good! But we were getting on. We tried English and Russian between drinks. What did I think—what did Frenchy think—about the people's front, the fascists, Franco, the whores of Valencia? I shrugged my shoulders in pathetic innocence, as though to say I didn't care.

"Hah, viola!" My playmate broke out in a rash of laughter. "Oui, you are like ze m'amselle from le Dome—ze cocotte." He threw up his hands. "What she called in Engleesh?"

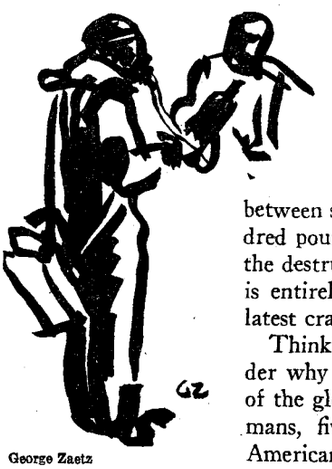
The bottle was empty. I couldn't think. Hal du Berrier at a nearby table yelled at me. "Hey, Lord, he means you're an old prostitute."

"Oui, oui," hiccoughed Frenchy. "You fight for pay—like me—a prostituée militaire."

I RAN AWAY from school in Texas in 1916 to join the Texas infantry on the Mexican border. Less than a year later I enlisted with the Royal Flying Corps in Canada and served with them in France until I was shot down two days before the armistice. I am credited with having destroyed twenty-two enemy aircraft. After the armistice I fought with the White army in Russia against the Bolsheviks. I then served through two revolutions in Mexico and one in Central America.

I went to the Mexican border for a boyish thrill. I joined the Royal Flying Corps because everyone was joining the army. By that time wars had become a habit, and I had discovered that experienced wartime fliers were well paid.

But at no time did I have any political scruples or know or care what it was all about. I was not patriotic, though I often did the patriotic thing. I have seen many men risk their lives in the heat of battle, yet they did it with a momentary hate for the enemy and not with "for my country" on their lips. But in Spain, I saw a whole nation definitely fighting "for their country."



George Zaetz

Last summer I was a flying instructor at the Floyd Bennett airport in Brooklyn. November came, bringing a forewarning of the winter snows I dreaded. One day a voice over the phone inquired, "How about joining the war in Spain, Lord?"

And so on November 11, Armistice Day, I sailed for Spain as a loyalist aviator. I was just as ignorant about Spain as the average American. My mind was filled with stories about how the loyalists destroyed churches, killed priests, and butchered civilians. I didn't even guess, as I now positively know, that those churches were forts of the enemy, that those priests were state enemies who wore pistols and fascist uniforms under their holy vestments, and that Franco butchers fifty to seventy percent of the civilians of every Spanish town he captures. Even before the war army men called him "the butcher."

My first surprise came when I was assigned an airplane. Only the day before I had seen the buildings of Bilbao wrecked by fascist bombs. Yet I was given explicit orders never to bomb a town. Fascists and Nazis may war on women, I was told, but not the Spanish government, for the government is the Spanish people, and they do not wish to destroy their own homes. This is proved by the size of the bombs both sides drop. The largest I used at any time in Spain weighed thirty pounds. These are useful against troops in the open, but are not of much use against buildings. The Germans and Italians, on the other hand, drop bombs weighing between six hundred and sixty and twelve hundred pounds. They are especially designed for the destruction of buildings. Franco's air force is entirely maintained and supplied with the latest craft from Germany and Italy.

Thinking people the world over must wonder why thousands of men from far quarters of the globe—among them five thousand Germans, five thousand Italians, two thousand Americans, thousands of Frenchmen, and a good smattering of all the other nations—paid their own way to join the loyalist cause. These men are dying daily for an ideal.

And the fascist "volunteer"? It seems the fascist doesn't believe enough in his cause to die for it. At the outbreak of the rebellion, the fascist sympathizers in Spain fled to Paris or Biarritz. They made sure to take along their bags of gold, so that they could continue to lead idle lives. But they wouldn't think of actually fighting for their cause! Oh, no!

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And there are no English, French, or Americans with Franco. I have heard of but one American aviator and one Chinese aviator flying for Franco. A few hundred Irishmen were coerced into Franco's lines. They soon discovered their mistake and went home. Today the Irish are joining the loyalists whenever possible.

You can quit the loyalist army any time you are good and ready. And they will pay your fare home. The government knows that every man returning from Spain is just one more ambassador-at-large for the loyalists.

And what manner of men—yes, and women—are they who are flocking to the loyalist banner? All sorts, from all walks of life, all religions, and all classes of birth and wealth. I know a French count who tore the crowns from his shirts and silk pajamas and joined as a pilot. A millionaire now in the International Brigade. An English lady of aristocratic birth who is a nurse with the brigade. Doctors, writers, lawyers, aviators, and artists are well represented. Skilled mechanics from Germany and Austria, railroad men from America, sailors from England.

AT TWO O'CLOCK one morning I arrived in Valencia on a troop train. I was exhausted and had visions of sleeping on the station floor. The town was packed with refugees. But I thought I would try to find a room. "Does anyone here speak English?" I asked a group of men and women sorting out rifles and baggage. Obviously, they had just returned from the Madrid front and were as tired as I. But off dashed one youth to return presently with a charming young lady. She heard my needs, and suggested in English that I join her and her companions in the dining room. Over hot soup, dry bread, and beer I got her story.

She had been visiting Spain when the revolt flared. When the wounded straggled into Madrid, she stayed to nurse them. One day she was in a building which was being bombed. Injured, she crept into the basement. A Spanish militiaman found her there and brought her food every day. When she recovered, she went to seek her benefactor. She found him leaving a trench, almost too weak to stand. He himself had hardly eaten for two weeks. He had been bringing her almost all his rations. "And that man is now my husband," she smiled.

I met scores of other brave, loyal people. Poor old Sydney Holland came to Spain to get another start in life. Holland went with me on a bombing raid early last winter, flying an old, unarmed cabin job. A swarm of Heinkels—tracer and incendiary bullets. A burst of flame. He looked like a falling star as he plummeted earthward. The trail of smoke was still visible as we crossed the lines and reached safety.

My Spanish gunner was an orchestra leader a few months ago. We are surrounded by fast Heinkels. He has the only gun. Four of them under my tail, so close I can see their goggles. But he disdainfully waves them to come closer. "Hell, I had only forty bullets anyway," he informed me later.

Miss E., an American society woman of fifty, was in Spain on July 19. When the shooting was over, she went to find out what side her friends were on and what it was all about. Several had fled, but most of them had remained to help the government. To her the words radical, communist, socialist, and anarchist were only names in the dictionary.

She began to study the causes of the war, and, instead of returning to the life of ease to which she was accustomed in America, she elected to serve the loyalists. She did anything there was to be done—she gave first aid to the wounded, cooked and served soup to the troops in the trenches, buried the dead.

When I first saw her, she was returning from Madrid, wearing a muddy pair of ski-pants, a woolen shirt, heavy boots, and a beret. Over her shoulder were slung her blanket roll and a canteen. Then I saw she was wearing the emblems of all the parties in the loyalist service.

"To which party do you belong?" I asked bewildered.

"Hell, all of 'em," she snapped. "I've seen 'em all fight, and I've buried lots of their men. Doesn't matter about party now. They're all Spaniards, out together to lick Franco."

Two months later I met this same bewildering lady again in Paris. She was dressed in the latest fashion. "Yep, just came from a two-week lecturing tour in England—told 'em plenty too," she informed me.

While she was in England the Non-Intervention Committee had started to function. And though she was an accredited newspaper woman and a legal resident of Spain, the United States government officials had refused her permission to return to Spain. Franco's side was not so strict, she was informed, and if she wanted to go there, she would have no trouble. I'm glad I wasn't in that American official's boots when he told her that.

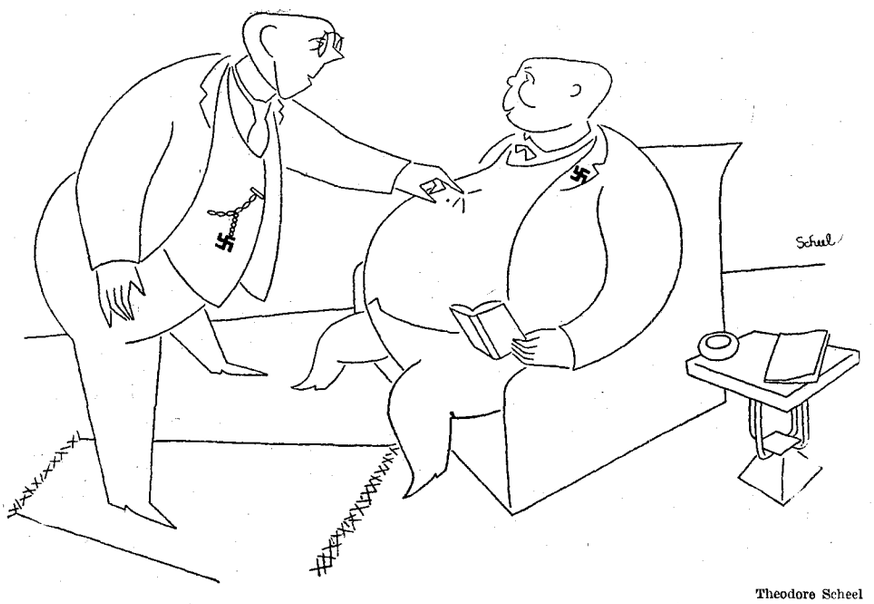
For two days I saw nothing of her. When she turned up again, she had just bought herself snowshoes and an arctic kit. It was mid-winter. The Pyrenees are fourteen thousand feet high. They were piled deep with snow and had no roads. They had never been crossed in mid-winter by any woman and by but few men. But this woman of fifty, accustomed to all the luxuries in life, was determined to get back to loyalist Spain even if she had to climb those mountains. It was almost suicide, and she knew it. Luckily, the day before she planned her attempt, her passport was okayed.

Duncan Newbigging, Duncan Johnston, and six others of the Scottish volunteer ambulance unit came down from Madrid for medical supplies. Three weeks before there had been twenty of them, but now they were only eight. They had large red crosses on their armbands and caps; they carried no weapons and went into battle with only a few first aid kits. "All the others were killed by Franco's men," said Newbigging. "Our red crosses seem to make swell targets."

Thirty boys and girls, the eldest only nineteen, with twenty old rifles and eight rounds of ammunition each, charged a hill in the Guadalajaras and captured two machine guns and seventy trained troops.

A Spanish pilot after a brave battle against odds was forced to land behind rebel lines. In any other war this man would have been wined and dined by his captors as a brave and gallant enemy. But the fascists don't play that way. The next day a rebel bomber droned over a loyalist airport and dropped a wooden box. It contained the mutilated remains of this gallant pilot—chopped up into tiny bits.

In Paris I met an English newspaperman who had just returned from Franco's lines. He had been writing for a pro-Franco paper. He told me that Franco does not allow news-



Theodore Scheel

"Franco's not so bad, but if I had my way I'd send Tom Girdler over there to clean things up right."

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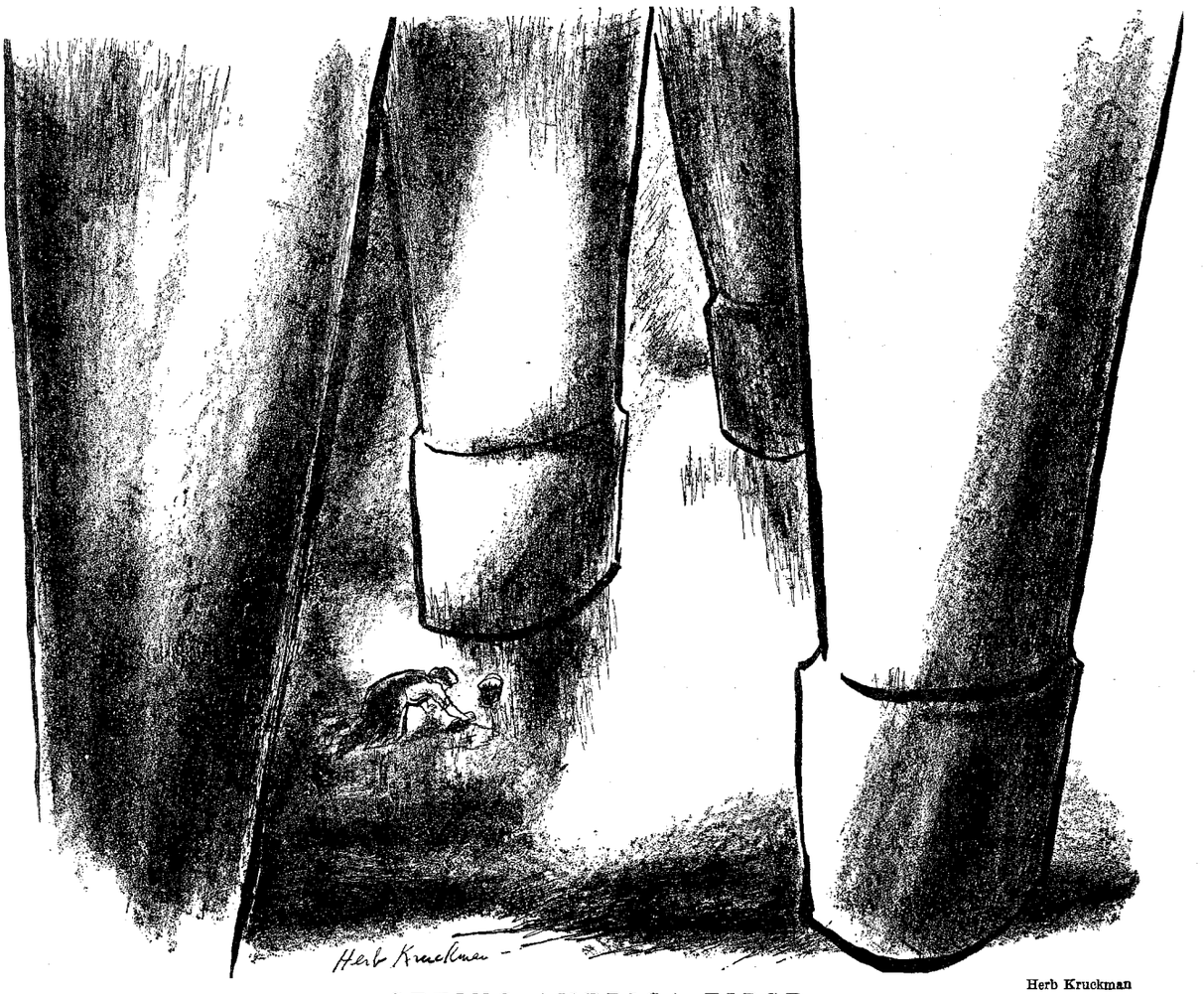
papermen to enter a Spanish town after he has captured it until several days have elapsed. During that time you can hear the endless rattling of firing squads killing off the civilians by the hundreds.

He mentioned the date, place, and name of a young fascist who, in one afternoon, shot so many Spanish prisoners that his arm got badly swollen from the gun recoil and he had to go to a hospital for treatment.

He confirmed the mopping up after the capture of Malaga, when rebel airplanes flew over the mountains and mowed down thousands of women and children who had been guaranteed protection by Franco, "their savior from the Red terror."

An aged man and his wife are plodding toward the front. A young man and woman are with them, their daughter and son-in-law. Their little baby had been killed the day before in a rebel raid. They are going to avenge that baby's death. They have only one ancient rifle. They swore that, as long as anyone of them was alive, that gun would not touch earth.

I have fought in other wars and been heaped with honors and medals, but I had never before come across the kind of glory you find in Spain. For the Spanish loyalist it is honor enough to bear a gun against the enemy. People wonder if Mussolini and Hitler can conquer Spain. Never! Only annihilation of every man, woman, and child can accomplish that. In the meantime, the Spanish army grows stronger daily. They are learning military tactics, gun fire, trench and street warfare, and are now under a unified command.



Herb Kruckman

SEEING AMERICA FIRST

Municipal Building, N. Y.

THE PAIN in my chest was not so bad that day; the pounding in my head and the buzz of saws in my ears was not what bothered me either. As I paused on the second floor of the Paris hospital, I thought, "Why don't these French doctors have their offices in elevator buildings?" But what really worried me were several clippings from New York newspapers. I had scanned them hastily, but a few phrases seemed common to them all: ". . . fools flying in Spain. . . ." "The Spanish revolution is no concern of Americans . . ." "American assassins hired to do Red murders. . . ." "U. S. citizens fighting with foreign armies should be punished. . . ." "lose their status as U. S. citizens . . . fine and imprisonment . . ." "And these Americans, but recently fighting in Spain, were met when their boat docked in New York and detained for questioning by U. S. officials."

So that's what they thought of us at home! Censure was the note—not one word of commendation. You see, I was one of those about whom the papers were commenting. I had left Spain only three days ago, when illness forced my return to Paris for medical attention. I had hoped that a week of proper care would make me fit to return to Spain. The French doctor shattered that hope when he informed me that I was a very sick person and would be unable to fly for months.

And now it appeared as though I couldn't even return home in peace. Hired assassins indeed! I don't remember ever hearing Lafayette called that in our history books. Had America become so smug and self-satisfied that liberty and patriotism existed only in schoolbooks?

Back in my hotel room, I received an official letter from the U. S. army. It contained a curt note advising that my commission as major in the U. S. Air Corps Reserve was cancelled because I had served with the Spanish government.

At the American Express I found a bundle of letters from the States. Many of my friends wished me well—some even wished they were with me, but several were frankly terminating long friendships.

Why, why, I wondered, this condemnation by the press, the army, U. S. officialdom, and life-long friends? I had believed America sympathetic to ideals of democracy, but way over in Paris it already seemed as though the U.S. had sold out to fascism and Franco.

I was puzzled but not disturbed, for deep in my being a new blood was pulsing; a misty veil had parted. I had seen and experienced new things beside which threats of imprisonment or snubs of friends paled. I had seen patriotism stark naked, stripped of all banners, as embodied in men and women fighting and dying for their country. All this I had seen, I who had never quite felt the surge of patriotism. I had fought side by side with a nation of people who were not fighting a war of aggression, who were not fighting to conquer new territory or to enslave another race, but who were fighting that they themselves might live and that their young republic might not vanish from the face of the earth. I think I now understand what patriotism really is. And I am proud to think I have done my tiny bit.

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Middle Classes—Left or Right?

Experiences in the steel strike show why both labor and capital try to organize them as comrades-in-arms

By Adam Lapin

"THERE'S one thing we've left out," said the shirt-sleeved steel worker. "What we're going to do to get support from the middle-class people. I'd like to ask them," he continued, "who buys the baby carriages, the frigidaires, the stoves, the groceries, the meats. I'd like to know who buys automobiles, who has babies, who needs the doctor—the Chamber of Commerce or the working people."

The shirt-sleeved worker spoke passionately, eloquently. It was evident that he had thought the thing out. He was one of a group of men talking earnestly on that hot mid-July evening in a modest worker's parlor in McKeesport, Pa. Present were leaders of most of the important steel lodges in this important steel town near Pittsburgh as well as a number of A. F. of L. union officers. Two outstanding labor men were being nominated for council on the Democratic ticket. The problem was to have them win the nomination—and then the election.

And the discussion veered suddenly to what could be done to visit the doctors, the lawyers, the merchants, to get them to support Chuck Davis and Joe Barron, the two labor candidates.

The incident is typical. I have just seen a leaflet put out by the nine hundred striking Heppenstall steel plant workers in the Lawrenceville section of Pittsburgh, addressed to the "general public." The leaflet thanks the middle-class and professional people of the community for their help in the strike, and reminds them that workers provide 90 percent of their business. Discussions with national and regional leaders of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee reveal a new interest in this puzzling problem facing the C.I.O. and the labor movement as a whole: the problem of the middle class.

Reactionary employers have always appealed to the middle class. Editors have always used the public as a hat-rack on which to hang their policies and predilections. In every tense strike situation, that editorial wraith, the public, has risen out of the newspapers to haunt the workers.

In the past the middle class was always the public, a mysterious and indefinable essence. Today there is something of a tendency, particularly in steel towns, to call a spade a spade, and to say the middle class when it is the middle class that is meant.

And more than ever in the past, strike-bound bosses are placing greater emphasis on winning the support of businessmen and professionals. They are taking a long-range view of the problem and trying to organize permanent groups among the middle class to support their program.

In the present C.I.O. strike against "little steel," the slick publicity men of Republic and Bethlehem have from the beginning paid special attention to winning the sympathy of the middle class. In this they have received invaluable service from the press both in reporting of news as well as in actual comment, and especially from those infallible Jeremiahs of the editorial page—Dorothy Thompson, Walter Lippmann, Frank Kent, David Lawrence, Boake Carter, et al.

Selling Tom Girdler to the public was a hard job. His is not one of America's most winning personalities. His refusal to sign a contract with the union followed directly upon the Supreme Court ruling in the Jones & Laughlin case upholding the National Labor Relations act in steel. Refusing to sign a written contract was tantamount to refusing to participate in collective bargaining. Union leaders ridiculed with telling effect the impracticability of having tens of thousands of workers and thousands of foremen and superintendents memorize all the intricate clauses that would be a necessary part of any agreement whether written or oral. And Tom Girdler made no bones about defying the Labor Board, the Wagner Act, the President, and the steel workers. He was eager to admit that his mills were arsenals filled with munitions.

And yet Tom Girdler's boys and their unofficial assistants worked hard and effectively. One of their first public bids for support was their heated defense of the sanctity of the United States mails. Post-office officials in Warren and other strike towns refused to deliver what they called "irregular mail" to the mills. Their legal position was clear-cut. They were not in the habit of delivering ham, bologna, and loaves of bread to Republic plants. To do so during a strike would not be part of the regular execution of their duties. It would be direct aid to the companies.

But the columnists and the newspaper editors who had been so militantly tight-lipped after the murder of the Chicago strikers, suddenly became ardent tribunes of American freedom and democracy. Senator H. Styles Bridges rose on the floor of the Senate to demand an investigation. And Tom Girdler was wrapped in an American flag covered with postage stamps.

The strikers were branded as lawless. They had been accused of interfering with the United States mail. It was but a further step to expect violence and rioting from them. True, during the entire course of the strike all the casualties were on the side of the strikers. But was it not charged by such eminent defenders of law and order as Sheriff Ralph E. Elser of Mahoning County that the workers carried clubs and other dangerous weapons? Although no one was hurt as a result of their use and no lives were taken, the papers reflected at length on the threat to American institutions represented by the strikers' clubs.

And suddenly in the steel towns of Youngstown, Canton, Warren, and Johnstown dynamite plots bloomed overnight. Miraculously enough, nothing really happened in any of these explosions. No steel mills were blown up. No homes. No power plants. There were plots, plans, threats, and headlines—but no damage. The Johnstown situation is the tip-off. On June 28 two water mains were dynamited. There was a five-hour interval between the two explosions, but the Bethlehem Steel Co. took no steps to protect its property in the meantime. As a matter of fact, there had been talk about the danger to water mains for days in advance around town, and still the company did not act. Mysteriously enough no one was arrested. A few days later something interesting happened. Sticks of dynamite were discovered under freight trains near the Bethlehem mills. Inadvertently two men were arrested. Both turned out to be scabs.

There were no convictions in any of these dynamite plots; but they overshadowed in the newspapers the murder of strikers in Chicago, Youngstown, Beaver Falls, and Canton. It was an excellent publicity job.

The campaign to put over the case of Republic, Bethlehem, and the other independents whose plants were on strike was not sprung without warning on an unsuspecting public. It was warp and woof of the issues which had been agitating the country for the year or so since the beginning of the presidential campaign of 1936. Landon was defeated. The fat boys were licked. But the issues which arose then remained alive.

The attack on the C.I.O., the clamor of irresponsibility, the demand for regulation of labor unions, was part and parcel of the general attack on the President and his administration as a whole. After all, did not the omniscient columnists of the right say that the President and John L. Lewis, bushy-browed labor dictator, worked hand in glove? Did they not report confidentially that the two were bosom friends?

In bidding for middle-class support during

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the steel strike, the reactionaries are in reality doing much more. They are asking the white-collar people, the doctors, the lawyers, the businessmen, to support a larger and more comprehensive program, to become its militant proponents and its mass base.

And it will have to be reported that particularly in the steel towns affected by the strike the strategy of "little steel" achieved a measure of success. The reason is simple. The steel corporations have developed a profound and deep-rooted control over the lives and destinies of the middle-class people in these towns.

Steel controls the banks, the largest department stores, the realty firms. The results are amazing. When Bill Spang, at that time a rank-and-file union leader, ran for burgess of Duquesne a few years back, his campaign manager succeeded after considerable difficulty in renting a small store as headquarters. Just as Spang and his associates were about to move in, the landlord told them with tears in his eyes that he couldn't let them. He offered them their money back, and a few dollars more if they wished. He said that Mayor Jim Crawford, who had said that even Jesus Christ couldn't speak for the A. F. of L. in Duquesne, had gone to the bank which is controlled by United States Steel and demanded action. The bank informed the landlord that his store would be taken away if he rented it to a union candidate.

A few months before the steel strike in Youngstown, the vice-president in charge of operations of Youngstown Sheet & Tube called in all the members of the ministers' association for a little conference inside the mills. He explained clearly and bluntly how important the mills were to the community. Then all the male school teachers in town were called in, then the "service" organizations such as the Rotary Club, then the civic and fraternal groups. Laboriously, over a period of years, the business people in all these towns have been taught that they are dependent on steel for their livelihood, for their very existence as business people.

Steel's control on the local newspapers is air-tight. In times of peace these papers are a joke with their behind-the-fence gossip, boiler-plate editorials, the Chinese wall they create between the reader and the actual events of the day. In times of war they are a menace. Day after day the Youngstown *Vindicator,* the Warren *Tribune,* the Canton *Repository,* the Johnstown *Democrat* obscured the issues of the strike. Every minor clash between pickets and scabs became a great battle between "workers" and out-of-town labor racketeers. At times the editorials in the Johnstown papers were theoretical in nature, attempting to develop an intense class consciousness and to direct this class consciousness against the strikers by repeating *ad nauseam* that the strike was not against Bethlehem Steel but against Johnstown. At times they were practical and direct: inciting to riot against Mexicans, foreigners, organizers, pickets.

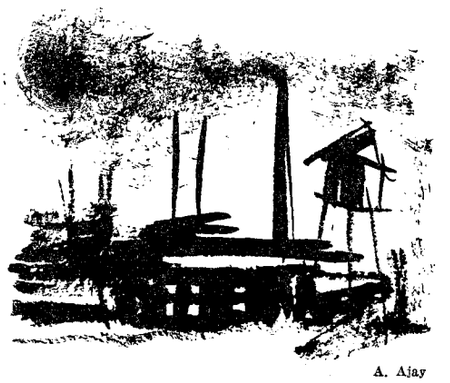
At the height of the strike in Youngstown, you could ride on a bus and hear a well-dressed middle-aged man mutter angrily about how the strikers were tearing up railroad tracks, and menacing the peace of the community. You could walk into a restaurant and hear the cashier tell you how the strike was ruining business.

When the stage had been set, when the proper state of mind had been created, the next job was that of proceeding from sympathy to organization. The issue chosen for this purpose was the right to work. At no time in any of the steel towns during the strike have I ever seen a bona fide back-to-work movement. I have never seen a mass meeting of back-to-work supporters. At one time in Youngstown, about 150 foremen and straw bosses did come together, and so did three times that many union men who took the meeting over. The back-to-work movement's only strength was the policeman's club. Its success or failure rested on terror, arrests of strike leaders, breaking of picket lines, on all the methods used to break the morale of the strikers.

The right to work was never a real issue in the strike. It became effective only when superimposed on the tapestry of prejudice and ignorance of the real situation which had been created by the newspapers.

There is nothing spontaneous in the origin of the citizens' committees in the various steel towns. They were born in the elaborate propaganda campaign against the C.I.O. From the beginning they were nursed along by Bethlehem and Republic. Sidney D. Evans, industrial relations director of the Cambria works of Bethlehem, addressed the first public Johnstown meeting of the vigilantes on June 14. Funds were mysteriously plentiful—and never accounted for. The S.W.O.C. charged that Ernest T. Weir and Tom Girdler financed the Johnstown vigilantes. The National Labor Relations Board is known to be investigating a tie-up between the group and Henry Ford, and additional facts will undoubtedly be revealed in the near future when the board holds a hearing in Johnstown.

When the vigilantes conducted their recent conference in Johnstown, the leaders chosen to head their national movement were not simple, irate businessmen. They elected the old war-horses of professional Red-baiting and union busting, the crack-pot preachers, the discredited lawyers, the former editors of Ku Klux Klan papers.



A. Ajay

What is new in the entire vigilante outfit is the appeal it has made to the rank and file of the business people of key industrial communities. This is the menace of the vigilante movement: that it is a heavily financed, well-publicized campaign to build a mass base for fascism among the middle-class people.

Talk to the average businessman of Johnstown, and you will find, not members of the Citizens' Committee, for its actual membership is very small, but sympathy with its aims, indignation against the union, lack of understanding of the strike issues: fertile soil for vigilanteism. And occasionally as you walk into a book store or a clothing shop, you find an upright citizen who declares his readiness to pull his old shotgun out of the closet and use it against the "lawless" pickets.

It is easy to see why reaction gains a foothold among middle-class people. For the labor movement to counteract this influence demands considerable effort and patience. So far labor has been too preoccupied with fighting for its immediate day-to-day demands to state its case clearly and compellingly to the middle class. What attempts have been made to organize middle-class support have been almost universally successful. The Fraternal Orders' Committee to aid the steel drive achieved considerable influence in middle-class fraternal groups. In Detroit a powerful civic rights movement, including the participation of many middle-class groups, was rallied behind the auto strikers. A large conference of fraternal, professional, and civic groups was held in Cleveland to help the steel strikers.

A number of new efforts along these lines are now under way. A group of prominent Johnstown businessmen have banded together to form what they have named the Citizens' League for Industrial Peace. Its program is peaceful settlement of the strike, as against strike-breaking and vigilanteism. In New Kensington, Mellon's aluminum citadel, the Central Labor Union, including both C.I.O. and A. F. of L. unions, has unanimously resolved to call a conference of all middle-class groups in the community to rally their support behind organized labor. The purpose behind the proposed conference is preventive: to beat the vigilantes before they get started.

For middle-class people to coöperate in such movements in the industrial communities of the nation will mean effective participation in the main stream of American progressivism as represented today by the C.I.O. and the labor movement. More immediate than this, it will mean for the middle class in these communities that they will join with their natural allies, the organized workers. For, as the McKeesport steel worker pointed out, the middle class is dependent on the prosperity and standard of living of labor for its livelihood. And perhaps most important of all, through coöperating with the labor movement, the middle class in America's company towns will win liberation from the domination of big business, even as the labor movement has been doing since the advent of the C.I.O., in the mass-production industries.

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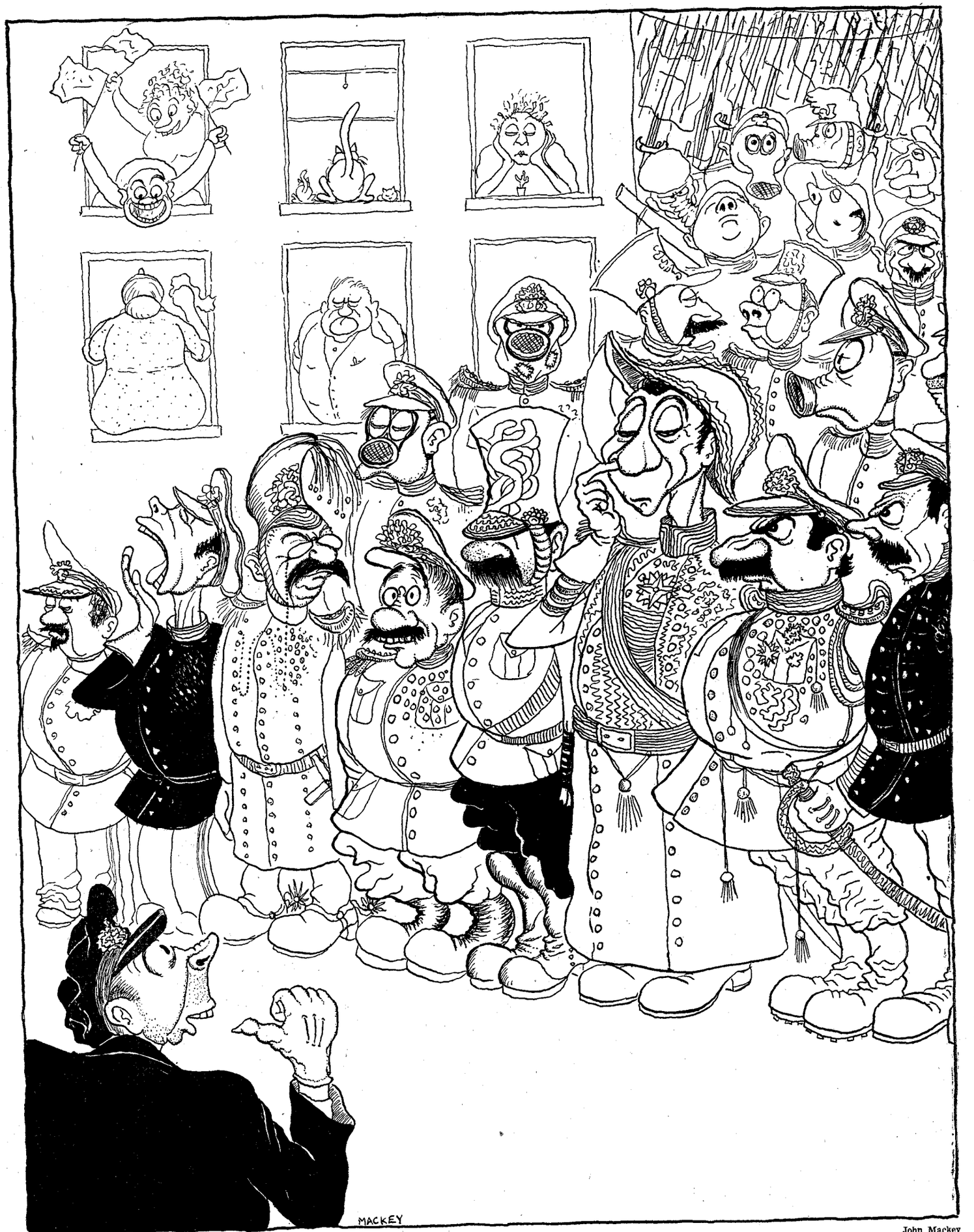

John Mackey

"Sorry, generals, youse are being held up by the anti-war parades."

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Angels of Darkness

REACTIONARIES have long realized that one of their chief problems was how to block progress without arraying too many victims of oppression against them. As the old "off-with-their-heads" technique gave place to the suasions of political democracy, this need for subterfuge grew greater. Here in the United States the tories are finding it more and more expedient to dress their feudal principles in up-to-date togs. Nothing serves the purpose quite so well as a liberal mantle. In this borrowed finery the worst die-hard does not hesitate to take high ground and prate about sacred traditions and the general welfare. Sometimes, however, the garment just doesn't fit, and then it becomes necessary to catch a stalking horse —a liberal. In England some of the greenest political fields are filled with these creatures. Once broken to the bit, a liberal stalking horse can be ridden almost to death.

Senator Wheeler was inducted into this kind of service during the Supreme Court fight. There is no question about the kind of company that the 1924 vice-presidential candidate, who ran as a progressive with Bob LaFollette, Sr., found himself in this year.

Now having squashed the President's court plan, partly through a few "liberal" decisions by the court, the same reactionary forces are out to regain that lost ground. They have declared war on the National Labor Relations Act. And again they have found a liberal to push forward the attack. With the repulsive example of Senator Wheeler fresh in all minds, it seems especially reprehensible that Senator Nye should take his cue from a publicity agent connected with Republic Steel. It has been suggested that Senator Nye, a resident of North Dakota, is not familiar with conditions that workers face in highly industrialized areas. If such is the case, we hope the senator and any other liberals who feel that the N.L.R.B. is a "partisan body" will consult more authoritative sources of information than corporate press agents. No doubt Senator La-Follette could make some helpful suggestions to his colleague.

40-40 Marches On

WHILE reactionaries raged, threatened and cajoled, the Senate passed the Wages and Hours Bill. Several doubtful amendments were adopted, including the Wheeler-Johnson provision which weakens the original ban on child labor. Oddly enough, it was fear of the Supreme Court that led Senator Wheeler to urge this change. The minimum wage was set at forty cents per hour, and the work week is not to be shorter than forty hours. During the course of the debate some southern senators seized the opportunity to predict economic ruin for Dixie industries. Senator Byrnes insisted that the bill was unconstitutional. Study of Supreme Court decisions had forced him to this conclusion, he said. All but two Republicans voted against the act, including Senator Nye.

There was nothing spectacular or surprising in the Senate's behavior, but a new angle was introduced via the American Federation of Labor. For a time no one seemed to know just where Mr. Green's organization stood, and cloakrooms buzzed with conflicting reports. A. F. of L. opposition seriously threatened the passage of the bill. Senator Connally, Texas Red-baiter and all-round foe of labor, stressed the fact that John P. Frey, president of the American metal trades department, and J. W. Williams, head of the building trades department, were in strong opposition. A belated and rather perfunctory endorsement from Mr. Green put the A. F. of L. leadership back on the fence and helped clear the way for a favorable vote.

Now the bill is up for consideration by the House, where a move is on foot to lift the possible wage minimums to seventy cents an hour and drop the permissible work week to thirty-five hours. This would restore much of the Black-Connery bill's original purpose by giving a Labor Standards Board power to extend the meager gains of a basic 40-40 limitation.

Man of Courage

A FEW days ago the editor of the NEW MASSES sat in the visitors' room of the state prison at San Quentin, Cal., talking with Tom Mooney. Two decades of imprisonment have left their mark on this extraordinary man; Mooney is not well and needs a special diet. But you would not guess this from looking at his bright eyes and courageous smile or listening to his calm voice discussing world affairs. All you know is that this man is intensely alive, passionately devoted to the cause of progress everywhere, particularly devoted to the working class. He reads everything, knows what is going on, thinks of Spain.

What is the source of this amazing moral health? It seemed to our editor, as he listened to Mooney at San Quentin, that here was a man whose natural intelligence and greatness of heart, whose personal bravery and love of mankind feeds and grows upon the certainty of his own innocence. Everyone knows Mooney is innocent, even those barbarians who sent him to prison; but nobody knows this more calmly, more surely, more infectiously than Mooney himself. You may look around the prison with a heavy heart, but Mooney jokes; he laughs a great deal, and you know it is the laughter of a clear conscience and a pure heart.

For twenty-one years Mooney has borne the gruesome life of the dungeon; for twenty-one years he has stood up, manfully and honestly, proclaiming his innocence; for twenty-one long years he has refused every kind of compromise which might give him freedom but would imply a guilt that is not his. Such moral grandeur shames the criminals who framed him, and equally shames those who are indifferent to or lax in the battle to free him. The men who railroaded Mooney have been exposed; the perjurers have confessed; the falsehoods upon which he was convicted have been shattered. Yet Tom Mooney remains in San Quentin, the greatest living victim of the frame-up system employed against labor in this country. And he will remain there until the progressive forces of America bring their fight for his liberation to a successful conclusion.

Such an opportunity now exists. Lawyers representing Tom Mooney and Warren Billings have petitioned the California Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus which will clear the way for an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. Everything possible must be done to win this legal battle.

Calm Before the Storm

THE war fronts in Spain, except for the relatively less important Teruel sector, have become comparatively quiet during the past week. Both sides, especially the loyalists, are going through a period of consolidation and inner strengthening. A pact of "non-aggression and mutual aid" has been signed by the two great trade-union federations, the Syndicalist C.N.T. and the Marxist U.G.T. This agreement should do much to dispel the rumors of increasing friction in the Spanish labor movement. On the rebel side, General Franco has again reorganized his regime with a "cabinet" composed mainly

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of generals with leanings towards a restoration of the monarchy.

The most important international development bearing on the war was the "personal" letter of "friendship" from Prime Minister Chamberlain to dictator Mussolini. As was predicted, the Chamberlain government is continuing the old Baldwin policy, but with greater haste and less camouflage. Within the so-called Non-Intervention Committee, Great Britain lent its weight towards isolating the Soviet Union on the issue of granting the rights of belligerents to the Franco forces. Italy and Germany, of course, support such a step; only the Soviet representative forthrightly denounced the plan. It is altogether likely that Great Britain will pay for Mussolini's dubious cordiality by awarding Franco the status of a belligerent.

All of which means that we are in one of those calms before the storm. The rebels may be delayed in launching another offensive by such mutinies as are reported to have occurred in Malaga and Granada by Moorish troops. But the offensive will soon be resumed, for the rebels, rather than the loyalists, can ill afford to let the days and weeks drag on while Hitler and Mussolini foot the bills in men, lira, and marks.

Spanish Stakhanovites

ONE brigade fighting the battle of Madrid has received little or no recognition in the foreign press. Its personnel is entirely Spanish, though its name stems from a similar movement in the U.S.S.R. For want of a Spanish equivalent, the industrial shock-brigaders in Madrid have borrowed the Soviet name, Stakhanov. The story of the Stakhanov Brigade is told in the latest issue received here of the *Volunteer for Liberty,* organ of the International Brigades.

Madrid is not and never has been an industrial city. Under siege by the rebels, this lack of industrialization made successful defense that much more difficult. The rail communications with the coast were cut; the highways were congested; the city itself was suffering from lack of food, and the army was insufficiently supplied with war equipment and ammunition. To Garcia Izquierdo, commander of the *milicianos* in one of the key sectors of the Sierra Guadarrama, goes the credit for starting the Stakhanovite movement in Madrid. With a group of sixty men, waiters, jewelers, teachers, engineers, and laborers, he set about organizing new shops and reorganizing old ones. The war zone became their supply base. They went right into no man's land for machines from destroyed factories and metal supplies, either in bars or in scrap.

Joe Bartlett

General Miaja—Strengthened his forces

There are now 3,000 men in the Stakhanov Brigade. Its success has been phenomenal. In Toledo, two small factories employing sixty men with excellent automatic machinery were producing 75,000 cartridges a day before the city fell to the fascists. Garcia Izquierdo immediately started production of the same type of cartridge in Madrid though only non-automatic machinery was available. With this machinery, normal production per man had been 800 cartridges daily. These Spanish Stakhanovites have raised the daily production of each man to 4,016 cartridges, and the primitive machinery is producing more than the Toledo factory ever turned out. By these methods, Madrid has been supplied and defended for eight long months.

German Political Journals

NOTHING is so encouraging as a sign of the indefatigable activity and growing strength of the German working-class movement as the splendid theoretical publications regularly issued by both the Communist and Social Democratic parties. For the past three years, the German Communists have issued a monthly, the *Internationale,* originally founded by Rosa Luxemburg and Franz Mehring. For the past four years, the Social Democratic party has put out the very competent *Deutschland-Berichte,* reports on the economic, social, and political conditions within Germany. Both of these publications deserve far wider circulation in this country than they get at present.

The *Internationale* is published in Antwerp, Belgium, by the Central Committee of the German Communist Party. It is a theoretical organ dealing not only with the problems specific to Germany and Nazism, but with those of an international character. The most recent issue received here includes articles on Communist policy, the Catholics in Germany, the uprising in Barcelona, an analysis of the people's front in relation to the democratic people's republic, and the distortion of the history of the ancient Teutons by the Nazis.

The Social Democratic *Berichte* consist of informational surveys by members of that movement with Germany. It deals with everything from the mood within the Nazi organizations to wages and taxes. The latest issue received here, June 1937, includes especially interesting sections on Nazi concentration camps and the efforts made by the Nazis to stop the Communist short-wave radio transmitter. Three separate editions, French, German, and English, are printed, generally from 140 to 180 pages each. According to the issue at hand, "upon the large number of separate reports which individual members send in are based the trustworthiness and impartiality of the collective report and its security against the operations of chance and the distortions of partiality. The reporters themselves are, where possible, granted a hearing so that they can give an immediate impression as to the mood and occurrences in Germany."

What Next in Palestine?

SOMETHING has gone wrong with the British plan to divide Palestine, though it is still too early to say whether any drastic revisions are contemplated. It is no secret that the British Colonial Office did not announce the partition plan until the attitudes of both Zionist and Arab leaders had been thoroughly explored. On both sides, the issue was complicated. The British counted on the Transjordan ruler, Emir Abdullah, but knew that the Palestine Arabs were dead set against the plan. On the Zionist side, the British found the Jewish Agency spokesmen coöperative, but the American Zionist leaders were, by and large, less willing. The report was issued because the delay was becoming embarrassing. It is significant, however, that the recommendations were accompanied by threats of martial law.

The rank and file in both Zionist and Arab camps were decidedly more bitterly opposed to partition than their leaders. As a result of mass pressure, both the Arab and the Zionist leaders have forced the British to postpone ratification of the Royal Commission report. The Colonial Office has

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launched into another hectic period of "negotiations." That is where the matter rests at present.

Highly authoritative reports from London state that the British have promised the representatives of the coming Zionist Congress to "modify" the line of partition. Just what this modification will amount to remains to be seen. The stiffened opposition among the Zionists is said to have been caused primarily by the attitude of the powerful industrial and financial Zionist interests in the United States. These interests, represented by such persons as Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, are determined to enlarge the territory of the contemplated Jewish state. They are the money-bags of the Zionist movement, and the Jewish Agency leaders are not disposed to reach a too hurried settlement until this obstacle is hurdled. It is our guess that the British will not materially change the lines of the partition, but some sop will probably be offered to get the plan safely through the Zionist Congress.

Peace Parade

THE American League Against War and Fascism has set aside the entire month of August to mark the twenty-third anniversary of the World War by demonstrations for peace. Meetings have been scheduled in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, and other cities. New York will be the scene of the League's fourth annual march for peace. This year's parade, which will take place Saturday, August 7, will be headed by Minnesota's Farmer-Labor governor, Elmer A. Benson, and will include thousands of members of trade unions, political, fraternal, church, cultural, foreign language, professional, peace, and women's groups. It will comprise the largest number of trade unions ever assembled in an American peace demonstration, including both C.I.O. and A. F. of L. affiliates.

Spain and civil rights for American labor are the major issues of these peace meetings. Numerous endorsements have come to the League from outstanding leaders in American public life, among them Clinton Golden, S.W.O.C. leader, who will address the Pittsburgh meeting, and Congressman John T. Bernard, who will speak in Cleveland. Senator Robert F. Wagner has wired the League: "I consider the invitation to take part in a celebration to foster peace and democracy a great honor." And Donald Ogden Stewart, president of the League of American Writers, has wired: "It would be my own personal wish that all America should march in this parade."

We hope that Mr. Stewart's wish will be partially fulfilled and that the peace demonstrations which the League is fostering throughout the country will rouse several millions of Americans to raise their voices for peace and democracy.

The Shipyard Strike

NOW that fascist-minded employers have tasted blood in a big way, it is a commonplace to discover police brutality dove-tailing with company violence against labor. And unless the list of victims is long, a particular instance hardly counts as news. With only one worker in the hospital (critically injured) the six-weeks-old shipyard workers' strike involving over 12,000 men in Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Hoboken has more or less escaped the limelight. True, scores of pickets are nursing broken heads, and Mayor LaGuardia is investigating the Cossack tactics of his police, but the murderous frenzy of a steel or Ford "riot" seems to be missing.

Yet this struggle between the Industrial Union of Marine & Shipbuilding Workers of America and shipyard owners in the port of New York has several claims to distinction. Both for the variety of strike-breaking methods employed and the flagrant violation of state and federal laws, this "dispute" is sensational. Early in the game, when a complete walkout tied up the Wheeler Shipyard, Supreme Court Justice Lewis Fawcett set the tone of the strike by issuing one of the most sweeping anti-labor injunctions ever granted in New York State. The American Labor Party has protested to Governor Lehman against this act of judicial dictatorship, which appears to warrant Mr. Fawcett's removal by the state legislature.

The presence of New Jersey, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania strike-breakers at the Robbins Drydock, in violation of another federal law, carries on the reactionary tradition.

Lewis—His C.I.O. is one year old

Company thugs have entered the homes of active union men and bulldozed their families. Union headquarters have been attacked shortly after police cars stationed there all day withdrew. This would seem to be in line with the policy of police inspector Harry Lobdell, who told two I.U.M.S.W.A. representatives: "This is war. You fellows asked for it and you're going to get it."

Needless to say, company unions have graced this strike picture. And one Jackson Weldon, "trusted" employee of fifteen years' standing, narrowly avoided perjury charges before the National Labor Relations Board. Mr. Weldon, who promoted the "Yard Workers Union" on company property and company time and sent out company circulars, loaned the "union" $300—getting $85 from a bank and the rest from a strong (tin?) box at home. Thomas McMahon, vice president of the stooge outfit, admitted that they had claimed to represent 800 employees when the membership was actually five! This in a petition to the N.L.R.B. Whatever I.U.S.M.W.A. members have escaped in the way of violence has certainly been made up for by all-around criminality on the part of employers, courts, and the police.

Happy Birthday

IT is just a year since the Committee for Industrial Organization was suspended from the A. F. of L. by order of William Green's executive council. Eight unions were involved, with a membership of perhaps one million. Today John L. Lewis's organization includes twenty-eight national and international unions. Four hundred and four local industrial unions have been chartered, and membership in the C.I.O. is probably above 3,200,000, with every likelihood that this last figure will soon exceed the 3,600,000 count for the A. F. of L.

Impressive as it is, this tremendous numerical growth does not fully reflect the C.I.O.'s record of accomplishment. Formed in response to rank-and-file demands for unionization in the mass production industries and other neglected fields, the C.I.O. has revitalized the labor movement in America. Workers in steel, autos, rubber, and textiles, swept into the current of organized struggle, have won recognition, wage raises, and improved labor standards from employer groups that had smashed all previous efforts.

In a year that has seen a very definite stiffening of tory opposition to progressive measures in all fields, the great forward surge of the C.I.O. is doubly reassuring, and its first anniversary doubly important.

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American Dilemma in the Far East

DIPLOMACY was never one of this country's strong points, but rarely has the State Department done more to muddy the diplomatic waters than during the past few weeks of crisis in the Far East. The inexorable logic of events has forced the molders of American policy in world politics to squirm and straddle issues with but a minimum of ease. And all because an act was passed ostensibly to guarantee American neutrality and non-participation in a conflict involving other powers. Within the last few weeks, this Neutrality Act has been repudiated or "reinterpreted" to death by a number of its most stalwart supporters, including its chief author—Senator Key Pittman.

Since July 7, a state of war has existed in Hopei province within the immediate vicinity of Peiping and Tientsin. Japan has mobilized for action internally and has shipped men and munitions to the Chinese mainland. The Japanese have bombarded Tientsin with the same ferocity as the Italians bombarded Addis Ababa and the Germans attacked Guernica.

The State Department set a precedent by hurriedly invoking the Neutrality Act in respect to the war in Spain. The war in China obviously necessitated similar action. None has yet been taken, and it is pertinent to understand why. The embarrassing evasion of the issue at hand was begun by Secretary of State Hull's statement on July 16. Without mentioning either China, or Japan, or the Neutrality Act, Secretary Hull permitted himself the luxury of a number of well-intentioned platitudes. These failed to impress the Japanese because all references were anonymous. Secretary Hull, however, did advocate everything which the Japanese were violating and betraying. For example, he said: "We advocate faithful observance of international agreements, upholding the principle of the sanctity of treaties." But he completely omitted to mention just what treaties bore on the matter and whether they had been violated or not.

The Japanese press exulted. Foreign Minister Hirota even advised the press how very unlikely it was that the United States would take any action to thwart Japanese designs upon North China. But the State Department was not through. For it remains one of the cardinal principles of American foreign policy that China shall remain open to the equal participation in its commerce and capital investment of all the great powers, including the United States. This Open Door policy is incompatible with the political control of Chinese territory by any one power such as Japan.

But how invoke the Open Door policy when there is a skeleton in the State Department's closet? That skeleton is the Neutrality Act. On July 29, Senator Pittman interpreted the situation in terms of the act's applicability. This statement was undoubtedly issued with the consent, if not collaboration, of the State Department.

Senator Pittman began by asserting that the Neutrality Act was a measure which concerned the United States alone. He argued that it was difficult to determine just when a state of war actually exists these days because aggressors no longer declare war. The President is making every effort to terminate the Sino-Japanese crisis; these efforts would be disturbed by premature invocation of the Neutrality Act.

The truth is that Senator Pittman's statement was a very feeble attempt to justify the reluctance to invoke the act in the current crisis. Its arguments are not quite as important as its purpose.

The New York *Times* rushed into the breach with a further interpretation of the Pittman statement. The *Times* editorial may be analyzed at some length, for it is a fairly candid and representative example of United States press opinion in respect to the Far East. It should be remembered that the *Times* was one of the most insistent supporters of the original act.

The editorial, weightily entitled "American Foreign Policy," begins by acknowledging that the "cash-and-carry" provision in the act "would be far less injurious to Japan than to China." So, "the first clear result of the invocation of our Neutrality Act would, therefore, be to exert an essentially unneutral influence on the present position of the two Asiatic powers." In fact, the Neutrality Act is "frankly and exclusively a nationalistic measure." In this case, "the law is not only unneutral but unworkable as well even from the point of view of our exclusive national interest."

The editorial rises to a crescendo towards its conclusion:

> Over a long period of years the traditional goal of American diplomacy in the Far East has been preservation of the territorial integrity of China and maintenance of the "Open Door"—that is, of opportunity for commercial intercourse open to all nations on equal terms. It is difficult to believe that this diplomacy has not been handicapped now by the passage of an act which is designed to isolate us as completely as possible from international affairs. For when we declare, in advance of any contingency which may arise, that we are prepared to defend no rights beyond our borders, to accept no obligations, and to recognize no distinctions between victim and aggressor, we lessen our influence as a world power.

The cream of the jest was supplied in a speech by Senator James H. Lewis of Illinois, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Lewis sought to prove that the quickest way to involve the United States in the Sino-Japanese war was by application of the very Neutrality Act which was passed to keep us out. The senator's argument left something to be desired. But the important thing, again, was his purpose.

A cycle has thus been completed. The proponents of the Neutrality Act want nothing so much as scrapping of the act in this emergency. Their aim is certainly not the fulfillment of abstract justice, otherwise they would not have been so happy when the act was applied against Spain. From the standpoint of self-interest, American business opposes Japan's conquest of China. The Open Door demands a free and independent China. The best commentary upon the Neutrality Act is supplied by the act's supporters —when they happen to side with the victim rather than the aggressor. In this case, they turn their backs on the act because they are confronted with the plain fact that this measure aids the aggressor and weakens the peace front.

Friends of peace must take advantage of this situation. For Spain still bleeds owing, in part, to this same Neutrality Act. China bleeds, and this act would deepen the wound. The *Times* editorial quoted above is just as relevant in respect to Spain as it is to China. Senator Pittman's solicitude for the President's dilemma did not extend to Spain as well as China—but it should.

On this anniversary of the World War, the American people are confronted with war crises at both ends of the world. We, who have argued in season and out that the Neutrality Act is most unneutral in its actual operation, are now upheld by those who held otherwise just a short time ago. We, who laid emphasis on the all-important difference between aggressor and victim, that the United States must work out a method of collaboration with those powers who would penalize the aggressor, are now upheld even by the New York *Times*.

This is our opportunity to rally masses of people around the banner of collective security. The people do not sway in contradictory directions as self-interest dictates, for their only self-interest is peace. But the people can and should take advantage of a crisis which forces the former foes of collective security to scrap their previously-held "convictions."

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Japan Cuts to Pattern

But while following her imperialist blueprint, Nippon is confronted by changes in China which may alter the scene

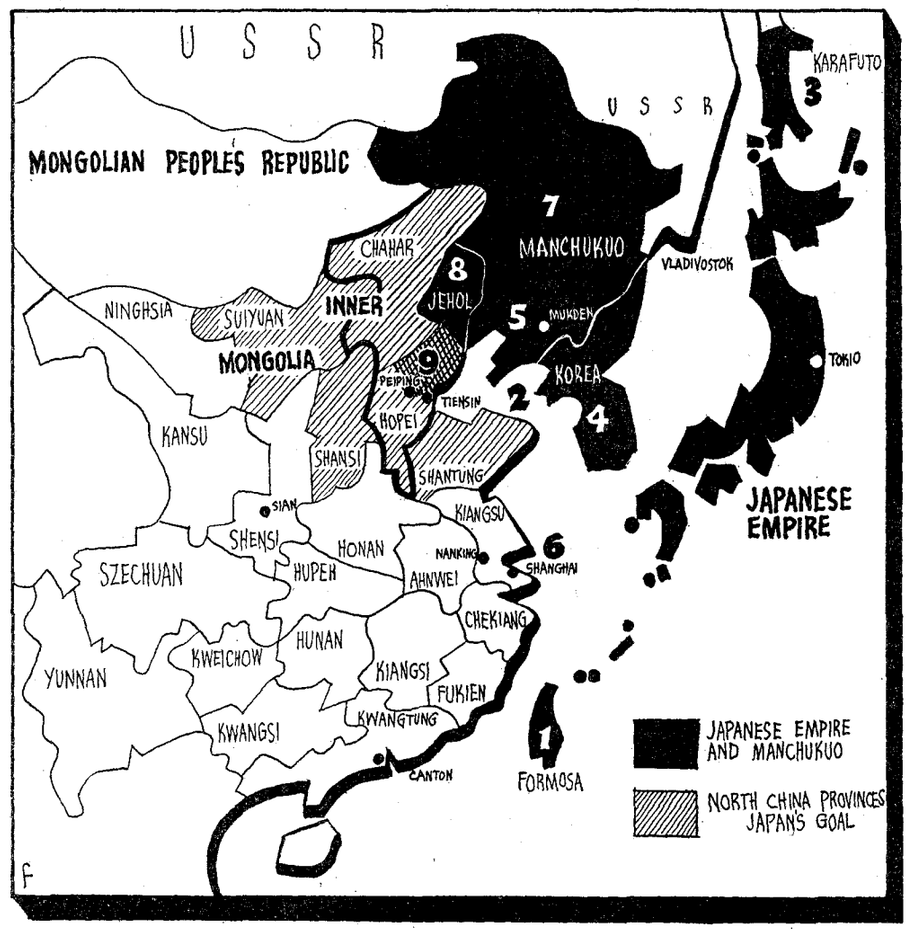
By Theodore Draper

"Morality and sincerity do not govern a country's diplomacy, which is guided by selfishness, pure and simple. It is considered the secret of diplomacy to forestall rivals by every crafty means available."—From the published papers of Count Okuma, one-time premier of Japan and one of Japan's original elder statesmen.

A DEFINITE pattern can be traced in Japan's method of conquest in China. This pattern fits the Manchurian aggression in 1931 as well as the present penetration into North China. The advantage in understanding the workings of the Japanese imperialist machine is that it makes possible a correct appraisal of the frequently confused press reports which come out of the Far East during such crises.

Certain prerequisites have to be met before the Japanese army command begins to issue demands for the virtual abdication of Chinese authority within some specified territory. First, the international situation must give promise of little or no effective resistance by the other imperialist powers, especially by Great Britain and the United States. Second, the political situation within Japan is usually characterized by a certain strain between conflicting social forces; the army extremists, their prestige on the wane, resort to aggression in order to ride into power on the back of a "national emergency." Third, the ground will have been prepared within the coveted region itself through the establishment of some "independent" zone nominally headed by native underlings in defiance of the national government.

The present war in North China is in these important aspects remarkably similar to that in Manchuria six years ago. This is not to say that the two situations are completely identical. Most important of all, the internal situation within China as a whole is decisively different. But this does not concern Japan's method so much as China's reception. This latter aspect will be dealt with in a succeeding article.



Darryl Frederick

Japan's march in China: 1: Formosa ceded to Japan in 1895. 2: Port Arthur and Kwantung Peninsula leased by Japan in 1905. 3: Karafuto ceded to Japan in 1905 by czarist Russia. 4: Korea annexed by Japan in 1910. 5: Mukden seized by Japan in 1931. 6: Shanghai bombarded by Japan in 1932. 7: Manchuria annexed by Japan as puppet state of "Manchukuo" in 1933. 8: Jehol province annexed by Manchukuo in 1933. 9: "East Hopei Autonomous Anti-Comintern Government" formed by Japan in 1935. The present invasion by Japan seeks to conquer the North China provinces of Hopei and Chahar, shown by the heavy black line. The Hopei-Chahar Political Council was formed in 1935 comprising Hopei province, except the twenty-two provinces held by the East Hopei "government," and part of Chahar, except that under de facto *Japanese control. The shaded portion shows the five northern provinces, Hopei, Chahar, Shantung, Suiyuan, and Shansi, Japan's next goal.*

THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION: From the very beginning of Japan's inroads upon Chinese sovereignty, Tokyo has unfailingly first assured herself of London's support. The first Japanese attack on China in 1894-5 was immediately preceded by an Anglo-Japanese agreement. The Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 was prepared by another Anglo-Japanese treaty, that of 1902. After the World War, Britain put pressure on China for the cession of Shantung Peninsula to Japan. Only later was it revealed that Great Britain had, in 1917, signed a secret treaty with Japan, giving the latter just this German-leased territory in the event of an allied victory. In 1931, the British consistently sabotaged the efforts of the United States to invoke the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact against Japanese aggression in Manchuria.

The United States has pursued a quite different policy. In principle, it has been irreconcilably opposed to any impairment of China's territorial integrity and independence. In practice, however, it has never yet offered genuine resistance to Japan's repeated aggressions. American support of China's territorial integrity follows logically from its traditional Open Door policy which would grant all countries an equal opportunity to make investments and engage in commerce in China. Such equal opportunity is, of course, incompatible with political control by one country. American business interests recognize China as the greatest potential field for the investment of "unemployed" capital and as the largest untapped market in the world.

Japan has taken advantage of this deep-rooted antagonism between Great Britain and the United States at every point in its con-

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quest of China. It has also acted with a nice regard for the crises of its ally, Great Britain. In 1915, Japan presented China with twenty-one demands which would have turned China into a virtual protectorate; Great Britain was then engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Germany. When Japan annexed Manchuria in 1931, Great Britain was neutralized by the world economic crisis. Today, when Japan reaches out for North China, Great Britain finds herself confronted with an extremely critical situation in Europe, in the Mediterranean, and in Spain.

The United States also is today in a less favorable position for action. The recent Neutrality Act is of tremendous assistance to just such aggressors as Japan. The act bars war materials to aggressor and victim alike—but the aggressor in this case does not need our war materials while the victim does. The "cash-and-carry" provision provides that belligerent powers must transport goods from this country on their own vessels—but the aggressor in this case has a large navy and merchant marine while the victim has not.

To top this objectively favorable international situation comes the well-founded report that an Anglo-Japanese agreement was reached during the recent coronation. The British press has stated that the agreement gives Japan a free hand in North China in exchange for which the British will continue to have the upper hand in South China, chief sphere of British investments.

On July 27, Foreign Minister Koki Hirota rose in the Imperial Diet and, in words which could have been addressed only to the United States, said:

> While it has always been the consistent policy of the government to promote Anglo-Japanese friendship, more recently the two governments have come to an agreement of views regarding the advisability of entering into frank conversations with the object of adjusting the relations of the two countries. We hope to bring about an early fulfillment of that aim.

The State Department at Washington could hardly have misunderstood that statement. But London has been more cautious. Foreign Secretary Eden took care to announce that negotiations with Japan were off pending settlement of the North China crisis. It must be remembered that Great Britain, more than any other power, has most to lose by the Japanese northern conquest.

If Hirota's confidence is justified, if the reports in the British press are authentic, then it means that Great Britain will repeat in 1937 what she did in 1894, 1902, 1917, and 1931. But it is still possible that the peace sentiment of the British people and the resentment of those British interests immediately threatened by the Japanese advance in North China may yet reverse Britain's traditional policy in the Far East.

INTERNAL JAPANESE POLITICS: What connection does the recent cabinet change in Japan have with the events in North China?

When Prince Konoe succeeded General Hayashi as premier, it was generally felt that a more "liberal" administration was in power. Under this interpretation, the North China crisis comes as a surprise. Both are incorrect. The Konoe cabinet is in no sense liberal or moderate. All the extremists in the former ministry, except Hayashi, were carried over into the present cabinet, with one addition, Foreign Minister Hirota.

The crisis in North China has been precipitated by the same army extremists who initiated and led the Manchurian adventure. The Japanese army is completely independent of the civil government, can prevent the formation of a government not to its liking, and can force the government's resignation at any time. In both crises, the army extremists resorted to aggression in order to restore the waning prestige and authority of the army officer caste. Once a "national emergency" is declared, the political parties and other moderate elements unfailingly rush to the support of the army's "honor." For it must not be forgotten that there is no difference in principle between moderates and extremists. One does cautiously what the other does rashly. But both agree that China must be dominated by Japan.

Here is how the Manchurian explosion was set off. The moderate Hamaguchi cabinet came into office in July 1929. Its program included disarmament, budgetary retrenchment, and conciliation with China. It signed the London naval limitation treaty and a tariff agreement with China. The army extremists were on the defensive. A number of very dubious "incidents" were then provoked by army agents in Manchuria, and a war scare swept the country. The army demanded additional troops. The cabinet demurred. Premier Hamaguchi was mortally wounded in 1930. In September 1931, the Japanese army occupied Mukden, Manchuria. Thus began the conquest of China's three tremendous northeastern provinces. The Manchurian aggression swiftly reversed the relationship of forces between moderates and extremists.

Consider the similarity of the North China crisis. Japan's army leaders have suffered increasing loss of prestige since the coup of February 26, 1936, when several ministers in the Okada cabinet were assassinated by a group of young army officers. Hirota then formed a cabinet, but he fell after an adverse election. General Ugaki, leader of the army "moderates," was appointed Hirota's successor, but he failed to form a ministry because the army refused to supply a minister of war. General Hayashi, more extreme, succeeded where Ugaki failed, but Hayashi was in turn repudiated by an election. Hayashi tried to resist the popular opposition to extremism, but finally gave way to Prince Konoe. The Konoe cabinet itself is not without inner antagonisms; but it was sufficiently weighted in favor of the extremists to precipitate this crisis. If the present crisis develops into a major war, it is altogether likely that the army leaders will sweep it aside or reorganize it in favor of a completely military-fascist government.

The North China crisis, like the Manchurian crisis before it, was deliberately and artificially provoked by the army extremists in order that they might reassert their extraordinary power and privileges. These elements sought to break the political deadlock which has resulted in the rapid succession of gov-

★

For Heinrich Mann

"I feel myself so alone."—*Mediterranean letter.*

Must you say
you are alone—
you have the sea.
The Greeks sailed it
and the Greeks were free,
they sowed the cities
for Athene's face,
to make a garden for her,
a free place;
neither with slaves they worked nor pain
but with proud hands,
to cut white steps from black Sicilian lands,
to hollow harbors, vase-like, from red Spain.

I could write,
I am here.
What use is one,
so separate, strange of tongue,
while your familiar, living things are barred?
When no reward
gives back the disinherited small things,
just the particular memory some street said,
or sky that was the color of a sword,
sharp and so clear, cut by the searchlight
(I saw it once) and you, opening a door, swinging,
we nearly spoke, but words were shy, being new.

Some cities die and some
supplant the cactus and the flowering plum
equally native here, brought by the sailors.
Torn from a sudden freedom long ago
to face traditions that despised the mind,
on a hot school lawn, I was saying over and over,
everything loses, all they have taught me goes,
everything loses, saving the will to know.
But a forgotten German took my hand,
a forgotten German whispered, "in my land
we think the scholar higher than the game,
but the life is hard, with us there are many falter."
I saw the sweeping, masterful Baltic sea,
thought, there's a way out somewhere; I was one
caught with the many against me.
Like you, I do know what a life can be
chased between walls,
everyday should-be-a-shelter windows,
while the calls
echo the corner is no flight, but end.

BRYHER. (Vevey, Switzerland.)

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ernments since the beginning of 1936, each weaker than the last in popular support.

As though it were necessary, General Sugiyama, the war minister, has already announced that the army leaders will meet on the North China crisis and reach a decision independently of the government. He was less than candid. He should have used the past tense.

THE NORTH CHINA SITUATION: The press has been guilty of some confusion in reporting the present aggression in North China because the background has largely been left in the dark. Japanese aggression in North China did not start on July 7 of this year when Japanese troops, allegedly on maneuvers, engaged a Chinese garrison near Peiping. Japanese aggression in this region gained its first great victory at least as early as 1933. Since 1935, a large part of the two North Chinese provinces, Hopei and Chahar, have been virtual adjuncts of Japan's puppet state of Manchukuo.

On May 25, 1933, Japan forced a "truce" upon China as the conclusion of the Manchurian invasion. This Tangku truce provided, among other things, for the creation of a "demilitarized zone," embracing twenty-two counties in the eastern part of Hopei province. Within this area of 15,000 square miles, with a population of seven million, Chinese national troops were forbidden.

This "demilitarized" zone immediately became the vantage point from which the Japanese began to put economic pressure on the Chinese government. Japanese smugglers brought goods into North China from this zone because it was defenseless. More than two hundred and fifty million dollars worth of smuggled cargo is estimated to have passed into North China from this area last year.

Further to secure this "smugglers' paradise," Japan followed the precedent set in Manchuria and organized the "demilitarized zone" into the so-called East Hopei Autonomous Anti-Communist Administration. (The "anti-communist" part was later changed to "anti-Comintern" to conform to the official name of the recent German-Japanese alliance and the term "administration" was changed to "government.") That was on November 25, 1935. The nominal leadership of this East Hopei "government" was given to a Chinese named Yin Ju-keng.

Yin Ju-keng would make a proper subject for a definitive study of the species known in China as "traitor." He is forty-five years of age, a native of Chekiang province. That makes him a fellow-provincial of General Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Chinese government, who is Yin's senior by five years. Yin was sent to Japan at an early age and received his entire education there. He specialized in political economy at Waseda University in Tokyo. He took for wife a Japanese girl whose brother is a high officer in the Japanese army on the mainland of China. Yin has been nothing but a figure-head, and he may go out of the picture if the war crisis deepens. The Japanese army will then take over without camouflage.

In actual fact, this East Hopei Anti-Comintern Government has been an adjunct of Machukuo. Japanese "advisers" were carefully planted to make all decisions and to carry them out. For example, a Japanese educational mission from Manchukuo paid a visit to East Hopei immediately after Yin got the job and reorganized the entire educational system in conformity with Japanese interests. Now even the schoolbooks are written and printed in Manchukuo by Japanese.

The political situation in North China is further complicated by the existence of a loose "administration" known as the Hopei-Chahar Political Council at the head of which is General Sung Cheh-yuan. General Sung used to be a subordinate of General Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called Christian general. This circumstance is important because General Feng is now second in command of the national army and, latterly, an outspoken foe of Japan. General Sung was in command of the Twenty-Ninth Route Army, stationed in the Peiping-Tientsin region, just outside the limits of the East Hopei "bogus" regime of Yin Ju-keng.

The Japanese seem to have been satisfied with Sung in the beginning. In fact, they toyed with the idea of merging Sung's bailiwick with Yin's. Late in 1936, they dropped this plan (if ever it was seriously entertained) and began to make life uncomfortable for General Sung. The general was in no position to fight alone, even if he so wanted, and compromised with the Japanese on point after point. Yet they were unsatisfied. The more he gave, the more they demanded.

While Sung was trying to conciliate the Japanese, two other things were happening. In the first place, his troops and younger officers were becoming increasingly restless in the face of Japanese aggression. The last twelve months have witnessed a tremendous wave of anti-Japanese sentiment throughout China. Sung's troops were inundated along with the rest. As early as January 1936, there were rumors in Peiping, duly recorded in the press, that two divisions of Sung's troops were on the point of rebellion unless he stiffened his resistance to the Japanese demands.

In the second place, the Japanese became increasingly wary of Sung as his troops grew more and more wary of the Japanese. They cast about for a willing tool and hit upon the mayor of Tientsin, Chang Tse-chung. This Chang was also second in command of the Twenty-Ninth Route Army. Since Sung's "retirement," he has assumed control of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council for the Japanese. By playing Chang against Sung, the Japanese forced the latter to leave Tientsin early in May for a "vacation" in Lohling, Shantung province, his birthplace. Sung was supposed to have been gone for a week, but he stayed for fully two months. The Japanese raged at his absence because it effectively prevented them from confronting him with a scheduled ultimatum. The present Japanese drive started while Sung was still away.

John Heliker

It is always intriguing to watch the Japanese prepare their coups. In its issue of June 26, the *China Weekly Review* carried a small, insignificantly placed item on the relations between Sung, Chang, and the Japanese, which makes instructive reading from this perspective. The item, captioned "Chang Tse-chung to Be New Puppet in North?" read:

> That General Sung Cheh-yuan, chairman of the Hopei and Chahar Political Council, should take a longer rest in his native place so as to let General Chang Tse-chung, mayor of Tientsin, bear the full responsibility of Sino-Japanese negotiations in North China was the demand submitted to Mayor Chin Teh-chen of Peiping by General Hashimuto, chief-of-staff of the North China Japanese garrisons, at a meeting in Peiping on June 18.
>
> The Wai Lun News Agency says that it is now an undeniable fact that Mayor Chang Tse-chung, instigated by his subordinates [!], has started a movement to oust General Sung from the North China regime. General Chang has not met General Sung since his [Chang's] return from Japan some time ago.

Within less than a month, the "movement to oust General Sung from the North China regime" had been started by the Japanese. And a month after that, Mayor Chang emerged as General Sung's actual successor. Coincidences. . . .

The situation in North China may be summarized as follows: The Japanese, having gained control of a large part of Hopei and Chahar, decided to oust whatever actual or potential resistance remained in the two provinces. This meant getting rid of or "reorganizing" the Hopei-Chahar Political Council and the Twenty-ninth Route Army. In the ensuing invasion, the Japanese succeeded in ousting General Sung in favor of their puppet, Mayor Chang, as head of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council—but not without bitter resistance from the almost leaderless Twenty-Ninth Route Army. Even the Japanese-armed and trained troops of Yin Ju-keng's East Hopei regime rebelled against the Japanese, captured Yin himself and put up a battle in Tungchow, capital of the East Hopei regime, comparable to the Shanghai defense of 1932. There has already been more resistance in Hopei than whatever defense was made for all of Manchuria in 1931-2.

What could China do in a war of ***national*** resistance?

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A Congress in Madrid

In war-torn Spain writers from all over the world showed their sympathy with the men fighting fascism

A Report by Malcolm Cowley

A DOZEN people have asked, "Why was the second writers' congress held in Spain?" There are two answers. First, the congress had been scheduled for Madrid ever since June 1935. The invitation from the Spanish writers had been repeated and reaccepted in June 1936, a month before the fascists started their revolt. And on November 6, when the Moors were almost in the streets of Madrid, it was publicly announced that the congress would be held there. This June, the Writers' International Association for the Defense of Culture was simply fulfilling its obligations. But also—and here is the second answer—it was showing the sympathy of writers all over the world for the men who are fighting fascism in Spain.

Obviously a congress held in a country at war involved enormous difficulties. The exact date had to be kept secret in order to keep the congress from being bombarded by fascist planes. Invitations couldn't be sent out widely for fear of admitting spies and provocateurs. The entire English delegation as originally chosen was kept at home by the British Foreign Office, which refused visas. A new delegation had to be smuggled across the border. Some of the exiled German delegates had to stay in Paris for the same reason. A few of the older and more distinguished writers were physically unable to face the hardships of the trip.

For the fact that the congress was held at all, we have to thank the persistent work of Louis Aragon, the novelist and poet, now editor of the influential Paris daily, *Ce Soir*. Aragon conducted negotiations with writers and governments and got special visas from the French Prefecture of Police—this in spite of the cabinet crisis. André Malraux handled the problem of getting delegates over the border. In Spain, the poet Rafael Alberti handled arrangements and the republican government did its best to help. By the afternoon of Saturday, July 3, about seventy-five foreign delegates had reached Valencia. There were representatives of twenty-eight countries as far apart as China and Chile. And there were a good many delegates of international reputation — Benda, Malraux, Spender, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Alexei Tolstoy, Fadayev, Nexo, Chamson—as well as the Spaniards, Machado, Alberti, Del Vayo, De los Rios, Bergamin, and men from the International Brigades like Ralph Bates, Gustav Regler, and Ludwig Renn. The United States was represented by Louis Fischer and Anna Louise Strong (already in Madrid), by Malcolm Cowley (who came directly from New York), and by Langston Hughes (who was delayed in passage and joined the congress only after its return to Paris).

Deyo Jacobs

Once in Valencia, the delegates were confronted by two difficulties that proved greater than had been anticipated. In a country fighting for its life, given over completely to defense against a fascist invasion, it was very hard to talk calmly about the literary or theoretical questions that would have occupied the congress in another place, at another time. Speeches had to be immediate, practical, and they could not help being emotional. Then, too, language became a serious obstacle. In Europe at present there is no international tongue, not even French. The Scandinavian and German delegates spoke German, the Russian and Bulgarian delegates spoke Russian, the Italian and French delegates spoke French. Everything except French was translated into Spanish, which the American and English delegates did not understand. The result was that they missed some of the best speeches, including those by Bergamin and De los Rios. Most of the translators were busy at the front.

They were especially busy that week because on Tuesday, July 6, the republicans started their big offensive west of Madrid. No cable messages of any sort, except the official government communiqués translated word for word, could be sent out of Spain, so that the congress was not mentioned in the foreign press. At Madrid, speeches were made to the rumble of not-so-distant artillery.

Nevertheless, the congress accomplished a few important tasks. It revealed to the Spanish people, who feel betrayed by the world, that they are not fighting alone. It showed foreign writers the real nature of this war, and the new society that Spain is building for itself. And later, at two meetings in Paris, there were resolutions and speeches of a more reflective nature, in Louis Aragon's important paper on nationalism and art. It was a congress that will have echoes for a long time to come.

Incidentally, Louis Aragon criticized the American writers and their organizations for still being too sectarian. He thought that we were not paying enough attention to our own history and nature as a people.

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Aldous Huxley and World Peace

His recent strictures on the moral content of violence, says the author, show contradictions

By Cecil Day Lewis

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY'S recent pamphlet, *What Are You Going to Do About It?* (published in America by Harper & Bros.) has had considerable success. Published at a time when the ordinary Englishman feels tempted to sell his birthright for a reliable gas mask, and even the English intellectual can no longer ignore the bayonets that are being brandished beneath his nose, this pamphlet puts forward a specious plea for what seems to me in fact a policy of final inactivity. Mr. Huxley is a writer of great brilliance and achievement; in consequence, when he enters the sphere of practical politics, we are bound to listen to him with respect. We have listened, and we feel that his pamphlet does more credit to his heart than to his head. His *Case for Constructive Peace* constructs nothing more solid than a great, big, beautiful idealist bubble—lovely to look at, no doubt; charming to live in, perhaps; but with little reference to the real facts and inadequate protection against a four-engined bomber.

We are at one with Mr. Huxley in detestation of war and determination to prevent it. We agree with him that pacifism is more than a utopian dream. We disagree as to the methods which can make this dream into a reality. The core of Mr. Huxley's argument is that violence is morally wrong under every conceivable circumstance, for the reason that the "means condition ends," and, therefore, any end achieved by violence will itself be morally unsatisfactory—will be infected by the means, and thus will breed more violence in due season. I believe this argument to be both fallacious and self-contradictory. If it is proved so, then Mr. Huxley's policy of nonviolent resistance to war must fall to the ground also.

Let us first examine some of his preliminary points. Mr. Huxley deals faithfully with a number of objections raised by an imaginary opponent of pacifism. "War is a law of nature." Mr. Huxley shows that in the animal kingdom, though individual conflicts are common enough, organized war—of one species on another—is unknown. "Man is a fighting animal." Mr. Huxley points to the humanization of the "scrapping" instinct through sport, etc. "Mass murder," he says, "is no more a necessity than individual murder. In 1600, dueling must have seemed to many people a law of nature. But the fact remains that we have abolished dueling." Just so. The fact also remains that dueling was abolished partly by force: laws that imposed penalties for carrying arms, prison, or death for dueling were based on and executed by force. Mr. Huxley, who objects to the use of force, should logically deprecate these laws. "The means employed determine the end achieved," he says. In that case, since dueling was put down by violence, and violence is "wrong," there ought to be something morally wrong about the nonexistence of dueling today! Already Mr. Huxley's *a priori* argument has involved him in a ludicrous contradiction.

In the next two sections of his pamphlet (3 and 4), Mr. Huxley discusses the objections, (a) that "war is the method by which nature selects the fittest human beings," (b) that, though war may have been unknown among certain primitive tribes, it is inevitable between civilized nations. We shall be returning to this second point later. Suffice at the moment to say that I agree with Mr. Huxley that "it is possible for men to enjoy the advantages of a complex urban civilization without having to pay for them by periodical mass murders," with the reservation that it is possible when men have the technical instruments for producing material plenty and the economic instrument for equally distributing it.

John Mackey

Aldous Huxley—he doesn't like force

In Section 5 Mr. Huxley returns to the question of force. "The fifth objection comes from those who insist that the only sanction of social order is violence." Now it is very doubtful whether anyone in his senses has ever argued that violence is the *only* sanction of social order; to put such a suggestion into the mouth of an opponent savors of the same temporary unscrupulousness as Mr. Huxley showed in *Eyeless in Gaza,* when he generalized about communism as a "gospel of hatred." Mr. Huxley continues: "Is it true that social order rests on force? When we come to look at the facts, we find that, though force plays a part in preserving order within a community, that part is extremely small. Moreover, the part played by force becomes proportionately smaller the longer peaceful methods have been used." How simple it all sounds! But where was Mr. Huxley when the light went out in Italy, in Germany? How does his theory square with the sudden emergence of fascist violence in countries where comparatively peaceful methods have previously been employed? Or perhaps they had not been employed for long enough? How long, then, must one employ these peaceful methods before all danger of fascism will disappear? And what does one do in the interim, to insure its disappearing?

No, Mr. Huxley, it won't do. If you will consider the history of the establishment of various "social orders," you will have to agree that force has played a very large part at these periods of history. The evictions which were conditions of the establishment of the capitalist order in England were not carried through without violence. But I think you would rather be living now than in the Middle Ages—all things taken into consideration. Again, the activities of the police and auxiliary police in Germany are not exactly peaceable. The law itself at such periods changes. New penalties of extreme severity are devised for acts which had previously been either permissible or barely reprehensible. I believe that any candid investigator of "social order"

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would admit that force plays a very large part, (a) in setting up a new social order, and (b) in attempting to preserve a social order which is out of date and moribund. Mr. Huxley's bright spell, when force plays little part in the preservation of order, only comes between these two periods which, in the history of most nations, have seldom been separated by a very great span of years.

Well, look at England today, says Mr. Huxley. "The resolute refusal of the English to arm their police is one of the reasons why England is a law-abiding country, in which it is seldom necessary to use force." He does not seem to realize that in England, as in other capitalist countries, there has never been and never will be an uninterrupted progression towards perfect anarchy and the Golden Age. The forces of reaction, here as elsewhere, are quite ready to use violence when it suits their book, when they can no longer afford the few ounces of assorted democratic liberties which were used to keep people's mouths shut. During the last few years, in Britain, this "law-abiding country, in which it is so seldom necessary to use force," we have had the Sedition Bill, the use of an airplane to intimidate an orderly procession of unemployed, police night-stick charges on a perfectly inoffensive meeting in a London square, to mention just a few instances.

But one suspects that to Mr. Huxley, as to the average magistrate, the police—like Cæsar's wife—must be above suspicion. Or perhaps, when the police whang you over the head with clubs and frog-march you to the nearest station, that is not violence. Maybe there is some other word for it that we haven't heard. However Mr. Huxley feels about this, it is evident that he has fallen for the delusion, common amongst intellectuals, that force means physical force. He says: "Even dictators realize that ruthlessness is not enough. Hence that flood of propaganda designed to make their regime popular." But propaganda is mental violence as surely as batons are physical violence. It is a way of trying to impose one's beliefs on other people. When Mr. Huxley wrote his pamphlet, he was using his superior force of intelligence to push his readers in the direction he thinks they ought to go. Anyone who stands for absolute non-violence ought logically to eschew not only physical force, but every form of moral suasion.

But it is difficult to gather how far Mr. Huxley wants this policy of non-violence to apply. In the next paragraph, where he attacks the question: "Can the force employed by the police within a national community be assimilated to the forces used by armies in settling disputes between such communities?" he blows himself clean out of the water by enunciating the (Marxist!) truth that "a difference in degree, if sufficiently great, turns into a difference in kind." In other words, the minimum use of force necessary to deal with any emergency is justified. Now *I* should agree unreservedly with that statement. But in the mouth of Mr. Huxley, who is later going to advocate a technique of non-violence and has been repeatedly saying that no good can come of violence, it sounds like the servant girl's celebrated excuse for her illegitimate baby: "Please, mum, it's only a very small one."

Mr. Huxley continues: "Moreover, the aim of war is radically different from the aim of police action. War aims at destruction. Police action does not." Now those are very revealing sentences. "War aims at destruction." Notice the academic and abstract nature of the phrasing, so typical of its author's thought processes. It would be true to say that war *results* in destruction: it is absurd to say that war *aims* at destruction. This personification of war enables Mr. Huxley to forget or pass over the actual *warmakers,* of whom it is by no means true to say that they aim at destruction; what they aim at is profit for themselves, in one way or another; but Mr. Huxley has to keep this in the background, because he will not accept economics as the fundamental cause of war.

The real weakness of his argument here is, of course, its abstraction. There is no "law" about the "ends" of "war," or of "police action." The actions both of soldiers and policemen are conditioned by the circumstances in which they are called upon to act. Many liberals, Jews, and socialists have been murdered by the police in Nazi Germany. It would seem that in those cases the "end" of police action was "destruction." Conversely, it is possible to imagine a war fought collectively to prevent aggression. The end of such a war would be, presumably, "restraint."

IT IS vitally necessary to expose the way in which Mr. Huxley confuses his values and at the same time insists on a hierarchy of absolute values. He says: "No man is justified in doing an evil thing that good, as he believes, may come of it." In its context, this is a condemnation of war as unjustified by the "military"

Sid Gotcliffe

virtues that it may produce, but it implies that violence is always and unconditionally an "evil thing." Yet Mr. Huxley has just accepted a minimum of violence (police action) as legitimate. Either values are absolute or they are not. Mr. Huxley really cannot have it both ways. His is the common idealist fault of pursuing abstract values, but breaking off the pursuit when they threaten to lead him to their logical conclusion. No sensible materialist would deny that there are certain qualities —patience, honesty, self-sacrifice—which are always valuable; he differs from the idealist in his acceptance of the fact that one value may have to be subordinated to another in a concrete situation, and in his belief that values are relative and determined by experience. For instance, one may say that theft is in general terms "a bad thing"; but there is obviously a world of difference between a man stealing his comrades' rations in an open boat a thousand miles from land, and a man stealing a loaf of bread for his starving children in the middle of London. The *practical, concrete* effect of the former action is disastrous for all except the thief; the practical effect of the latter is negligible for everyone but the thief's children. In fact, "a difference in degree, if sufficiently great, turns into a difference in kind."

Let us put a question of simple arithmetic before Mr. Huxley. How is humanity better served, by using violence to restrain one gangster from killing ten citizens, or by allowing the one gangster to live and the ten citizens to die? We must grant that our violent repression of the gangster is "evil." We must admit that our "means" (violence) determine our "end" (the preservation of life). Certainly it would be much better if we could reason with the gangster. It is undeniably true that, in general, persuasion is better than physical force. But it is truer still that these generalizations of ours are made to fit our world. Our world is not made to conform automatically with our noblest sentiments. Let Mr. Huxley imagine himself standing by the gangster with the machine gun and reflect what he would do in the two or three seconds before the gun was to be fired on ten of his friends. Would he not do a little "evil" to secure a great "good"? Would he not for a moment allow himself to forget that his "means" were contaminated, and think more of the justice of his "end"?

Be sure of it, Mr. Huxley! All action is contaminated, in the sense that no action is wholly pure in motive. There are two courses open to you: either to forego all action whatsoever, to "get thee to a nunnery," or else to attempt the difficult but, as it seems to me, necessary task of assessing real means and real ends in an actual situation.

Now let us apply this to war. It is typical of Mr. Huxley's abstract-idealist outlook that he speaks as though there was just one kind of war. He wishes to apply the same moral strictures, the same practical methods, to Mussolini's attack on Abyssinia as to a war fought by a people or a class in defense of their liberty. Is he so far up in the clouds that he can

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distinguish no difference between an irresponsible "killer" armed with a sawed-off shotgun and a half-armed savage defending himself against an imperialist aggressor? There is violence *and* violence; there are wars and wars, just as there are thefts and thefts. When judging any action, such as the theft in the open boat or the direction of the gangster's machine gun, we must take into consideration both motive and circumstance; for motive and circumstance, like means and ends, are not two separate entities, but are the two inseparable factors in a dialectical unity. The question we should ask ourselves is not, "is violence justified?" but "will the use of violence in this particular, concrete situation benefit the majority of persons concerned?"

His one-eyed attitude to problems can be observed again when Mr. Huxley talks about strikes. He attempts to uphold the technique of passive resistance as the most effective technique against any sort of violence at any time, just because it has proved effective in some strikes in some countries on some occasions. This is the disease of generalization become positive delirium. Or again, the fact that Penn and the Quakers were able to practice passive resistance successfully in the face of redskin tribesmen—a fact made much of by Mr. Huxley—is irrelevant to the problems of peace-lovers today. What is effective against a savage face to face is—as Mr. Huxley admits—futile against an airplane a few thousand feet above you.

Now what is peculiarly insidious and dangerous about idealist arguments is that they always contain a half-truth. It would be impossible to make such statements as "all war is evil," or "all property is sacred," if it were not true that men have actually found in practice that most wars have been evil, and that there are property rights which society must respect. Yet a great proportion of the mistakes which men make both in thinking and acting come just from this—the application of a rule which is undeniably valid in some circumstances to circumstances where it no longer holds good. Life is richer and less simple than Mr. Huxley would have us believe. It is not enough, remembering, say, the Thirty Years' War, the Napoleonic war, the World War, and the wars of intervention, to declare "war is evil," and so dismiss the possibility of any good ever proceeding out of the use of arms. "In point of fact," Mr. Huxley asks us, "have peace and justice ever been secured by war? Is it possible, in the nature of things, that they can be secured by war?" I should like to suggest that this rhetorical question has not much application to the real world. The point is, have peace and justice ever been, in this wide sense, secured at all? Obviously not. History shows us on the whole a pattern of war and injustice with small interstices of peace in some of which justice of a sort has been allowed to develop. In European history one of the longest of these periods was that of the Roman empire, when Roman legions, armed and always ready to fight, guarded the frontiers and so secured at least some peace and at least some justice for the citizens of the empire. One may find in the history of China other examples of the use of armies for "restraint." One may consider the battles of Marathon and Salamis, and many of the wars fought for national independence; and one may ask whether in some of these cases, not peace and justice, but a greater measure of peace and justice were not actually attained by force of arms. Let us admit that we do not want war; but cannot Mr. Huxley distinguish between the use to which Augustus put his troops and the use to which Tamerlaine put his?

"After the court generously freed four of the Scottsboro boys, doesn't it seem uncoöperative of the defense to appeal the other sentences?"

John Heliker

One is inclined to feel, in reviewing this part of Mr. Huxley's argument, that he has felt the waste and horror of the World War so deeply that he has generalized these feelings into a doctrine that is forced to cover all use of arms. But, alas, there is no short cut to truth. Truth, says Donne, stands on a hill, and he that would reach her

> about must and about must go
> and what the hill's suddenness resists, win so.

There is no statement that includes all possibilities. There is no generalization that must not be continually tested on the touchstone of the changing fact. . . .

The doctrine of non-violence is an idealistic doctrine which, as far as I can see, may help the war-mongers, but, in existing conditions, cannot possibly advance the cause of peace. I call it a doctrine of despair, because non-resistance is the last resort of both brave men and cowards when they are up against overwhelming odds, and when it is only an attitude that can distinguish the one from the other. "Since all our efforts can end only in frustration," the despairing pacifist seems to say, "let us refrain from effort." It is a gesture which, however finely performed, is not very different from the gesture of Ivan Karamazov "returning the ticket," or Pilate washing his hands. Needless to say, Mr. Huxley does not see it like this. He makes much of the "realism" of his proposed methods of "active" pacifism. But that the words "realism" and "active" are misapplied is not, I think, difficult to see. "Hell is paved," says Mr. Huxley, "not only with good intentions, but also with the most exquisite sensibilities, the noblest expressions of fine feeling, the profoundest insights into ethical truths." Aldous Huxley's own sensibilities are so exquisite that, together with his great talent in writing, they have made him one of the prophets of our time—the prophet of disgust. He feels so keenly the discrepancy between the fact and the ideal that he seems like some miserable figure, standing with face averted from the ruin and filth that surround him; though every now and then, half in fascination, half in disgust, he directs an exceedingly sharp glance at what so much appalls him. Now it looks as though he is turning his back on us forever. Looking away from us, he has a "profound insight into ethical truth," and we are still stewing in the same juice. Might we venture to beg him to turn right about and risk looking contemporary humanity in the face? There would be much there to hate and much to be disgusted at, but there would also be something which, without any "expressions of fine feeling," could be loved and supported. . . .

What then must we do? The tremendous development of the forces of production, which is capitalism's contribution to civilization, has

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created the technical possibility of material abundance for all. This means, if we accept economics as the constant behind every war, that civilization has at last reached the stage at which war is no longer inevitable. Where material plenty exists, economic adjustment is possible. But we have seen that economic adjustment under a capitalist system is bound to be adjustment merely in favor of this or that monopolist group. I, therefore, believe that a world union of socialist states, whose economic policy is based on production for use, not for profit, is the final goal at which every lover of peace should be aiming. In such a world alone would every danger of war be eliminated.

We are concerned more nearly, however, with the dangers of the immediate future. For those who wish to organize peace now, two important facts stand out of the present situation: first, that there is a large majority of opinion which is opposed to war; second, that this opinion at present is vague and uncoördinated. If the general desire for peace is to become practically effective, it is necessary for this opinion to be organized in some sort of peace front. As many as possible of those individuals who vaguely speak of themselves as pacifists should be brought into this organization; but, on the other hand, the basis for a peace program must not be so wide that it ceases to be a basis at all. If, for instance, one half of an organization of pacifists were prepared to fight on behalf of collective security while the other half were not prepared to fight under any circumstances, it is easy to imagine a situation in which the whole organization would be ineffective.

THERE ARE at present two alternatives for pacifists who wish to unite in a common front. The first is, broadly speaking, this policy of "collective security." It implies a determination to resist by collective force any act of aggression. The nucleus of such a peace front, as far as separate nations are concerned, is already in existence in the League of Nations and in the Franco-Soviet pact; and events are making it increasingly clear that it is from the fascist powers (including Japan) that the immediate threat of war proceeds. "For peace and against fascism!" must be the slogan of collective security. At the same time it must be clearly understood that "against fascism" does not mean "against the peoples of Germany, Italy, and Japan." Our fight is against fascist governments.

While such a peace movement can include members of any political complexion, provided that they are loyal supporters of democracy, it must realize that it cannot adopt a "non-political" attitude. The movement must realize that it is not an alliance of various sovereign governments. *It is an international alliance of the people.* As such it will naturally be supported by those governments (France, Russia) which are most truly democratic. One of the essential day-to-day activities of such a movement would be the safeguarding and extension of democratic liberties. It must aim always to support the interests of the people, extracting what help it can from imperialist governments. Since in an actual war situation the trade unions are in the key position—that is to say, they have the most practical power to hamper an imperialist, aggressive war or to aid a war on behalf of collective security—it follows that the peace movement must work in close coördination with the trade unions. We must, in fact, establish a people's front on the same lines as that set up in France and Spain—and we must do it *at once.*

The backbone of this people's front should be, I believe, the labor movement. It is, therefore, essential that unity should be established within that movement. Peace councils should be set up in every town and country district, and work in close conjunction with all bodies which aim at the preservation of democratic rights, for peace and democracy are the twin bases on which we stand. We can have no sleeping partners in our movement. Public meetings, discussions, poster-parades, demonstrations must be vigorously organized, with a view both to increasing the sense of solidarity of the movement and to educating those who will stand aloof. There is work for everyone. The movement must follow international events closely, taking every event on its own merits, but always on the watch to detect and expose fascist tendencies. The central points of our peace policy must be: "The sanctity of treaties, and collective security supplemented by pacts of mutual assistance; and the abolition of the private manufacture of armaments, leading to an all-round and progressive reduction of armaments." There is no contradiction between this and our determination to defend democracy by force if necessary; collective security between truly democratic governments, not the gigantic armament of any individual power, is the thing that will restrain fascist aggression. At the same time, while we admit that democracy must be armed for the present, we are not willing to place huge armaments in the irresponsible hands of an imperialist government. We must compel the National government in Britain, for example, to make up its mind whether it stands for democracy or fascism; if for the former, let it declare its uncompromising support of democratic rights at home and of democratic governments abroad; if for the latter, we must take all steps in our power to overthrow it.

That is the one alternative for pacifists. The only other is the doctrine of despair advocated by Mr. Huxley and his friends. Let me say it again. There is still hope. We are not yet at that stage of absolute impotence where there is nothing to be done but while away the time with Mr. Huxley's "spiritual exercises." Public opinion is still a force of incalculable potency, and it is our business to organize it and lead it into action. We must remember that there is something more important for us to save than our own individual souls. And we must act *at once* if we are to save it.

"Don't stare, Willoughby—he's probably an agent of the C.I.O."

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READERS' FORUM

The Marxist approach to Freud

● It seems to me that T. A. Jackson's review [issue of July 20] of Osborn's book on Freud and Marx was based upon an incorrect approach to the entire subject. Such criticism as Osborn's book may deserve can be made without distorting those contributions of Freud which are valid.

The Marxist approaches any psychology with a certain set of demands in mind. He will require of the psychology that it be materialist—that it conceive of mind as being secondary and derived from matter, that psychic processes be conceived as arising under certain conditions out of material processes. He will require that the psychology be dialectical—that it conceive of psychic motion as resulting from a conflict of contradictions within the psychic apparatus. He will further require that those aspects of the mind which arise through living contact with reality be conceived as largely dependent on the social structure and be mutable and reflect the historical transformations in that structure. There are certain parts of the psychic structure which might less readily reflect altered conditions in the outer world, those parts, namely, which arise as a reflection, in the mental plane, of bodily physiological processes. These psychic processes will tend to change only with an alteration in the functioning of bodily organs and may have the same stability over long periods of historical change as do the organs themselves. These psychic processes are quite generally termed instincts.

The value to the Marxist of a dialectical materialist psychology need not be stressed. His role as leader of the working class in its struggle to liberate itself from the chains of capitalist bondage inevitably brings with it the need to understand the dynamics of social change. In the works of Marx and Engels he finds an analysis of the laws of motion of society. But an understanding of the nature of the individuals on whom the social forces act is also necessary, and is essential for successful practice. An analogy will clarify this point. When, in the science of physics, we study the action of a force on a body, it is not enough to be in possession of data relating to the force. If we are to have a complete understanding of the event, we must also be informed as to the nature of the body upon which the force is acting, its weight, volume, and so on. And so it is not enough to study the social forces; we must also study the bodies on which these forces act; we must study man. This is so much more the case, since social activity arises out of the needs of men in their conflict with the world of nature. Of course, we all have a sufficient knowledge of human nature, derived from naïve experience, to operate with considerable success. But an organized science of human nature should reveal and clarify much that is now hidden and obscure and thereby increase the efficacy of our activity.

With these demands in view Osborn undertakes an examination of the psychoanalytic psychology of Sigmund Freud. He limits his quotations from Freud's writings to the two volumes of *Introductory Lectures to Psychoanalysis*. Osborn finds that psychoanalysis is both dialectical and materialist, that it is compatible with Marxism, and, in a certain sense, complementary. With Osborn's conclusions on this head I have no quarrel. He has accomplished the task of summarizing the Freudian position in some hundred pages, with considerable skill, although it is obviously difficult to do full justice to the depth and import of the material in so small a space. And he has indicated some of the more interesting insights which are obtained when to the Marxist analysis of the laws of motion of society is added the Freudian analysis of the laws of motion of the minds of the individuals of which that society is composed.

To his exposition of the compatability of the two systems Osborn has appended a chapter in which he attempts to draw conclusions of a practical sort and makes certain definite recommendations to the Communist Party. This chapter is truly unfortunate. The recommendations do not follow logically from the dialectical union of Marx and Freud which he has been considering. Thus Osborn:

"And if psychology tells us that no movement will win the support of the masses which does not offer a leader who arouses adequately the emotional attitudes which . . . relate to the child-parent situation, then a movement which boasts of its scientific outlook must hasten to provide such a leader."

This is, on the face of it, a reactionary measure indeed, and properly drew T. A. Jackson's scorn. It runs directly counter to the efforts of the revolutionary movement to activize the masses through the development of class consciousness, to rid the masses of their tendency to submit to a leader who is not under their own democratic control. Osborn has failed to take into account that Freud's analysis of mass psychology is based on a study of the masses under capitalism, or under the patriarchal class system, and that there is no ground for the conclusion that other types of groups are impossible in a period of revolutionary change. Freud's analysis of the group psychology of the army and the church under capitalism, which is to be found in his *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* is, I believe, substantially correct. The great force which holds such a mass together is the comparative freedom from feelings of guilt which it provides. Guilt, Freud has shown, arises when there is tension between the "ego" and the "super-ego," and the super-ego threatens the ego with punishment. The ego is that part of the psychic apparatus which is a reflection of the living experience of the individual in contact with the world. It develops out of the "id," the reservoir of instinctual impulses which are reflections of organic tension and with which the individual is born. The super-ego develops out of the ego and is the result of a certain set of experiences—experiences in which persons who are loved (usually the parents or nurse) and needed by the child act to frustrate or inhibit the instinctual drives of the child. This gives rise to a peculiar situation in which the loved parent is also hated as the source of frustration and pain. The conflict aroused in the child by this situation is normally resolved by withdrawing the intense attachment from the parent and identifying with (psychically swallowing) the parent. It is this process which at the same time explains the loosening of the bonds between parent and child which must normally take place, and the observed fact that the child resembles its parents and takes over their code of morals. The result of this process of identification with the hostile educative forces in the outside world is a psychic structure which is termed the super-ego and which has a peculiarly aggressive quality. That which the man in the street calls his "conscience" is one of the manifestations of the super-ego. (This account may serve as an illustration of the dialectical-materialist method which Freud employs in accounting for psychic processes—in terms of experience and conflict.) Thus it must be clear that, as the parent is the representative in the life of the child of the demands of society, the super-ego is the representative within the psychic apparatus of the moral and legal forces of society. As such its structure and content will alter with change in the social structure. We know that the moral and legal codes are derived from the economic structure, that they represent the rationalization of the interests of the ruling class and as such have nothing in common with the needs of the masses—in fact, are in direct conflict with these needs. The enormous discrepancy between the interests and needs of the masses and the moral and legal codes under which they live and to which it is demanded that they conform, is reflected in an inner tension between ego and super-ego—between the instinctual drives which demand fulfillment and the repressive force of conscience. In the ruling class this discrepancy is reflected in the extreme hypocrisy of their lives. We see that the tension between ego and super-ego is the result of a certain type of social structure—a class structure which is suited to the needs of a minority ruling class. In such a society any mechanism which will relieve this tension which is felt as guilt will be welcomed by the masses. Such a mechanism is found in the group led by a powerful individual who takes on himself the responsibility and the guilt for the actions of the group.

I. Marantz

It is the function of a revolutionary party to overthrow the existing system and set up a system which will more nearly satisfy the interests and needs of the great masses. In such a society the super-ego structure would be much less aggressive, the tension between ego and super-ego decreased, and the need for a leader in the "fascist" sense would disappear. The resolution of the conflict between the productive forces and the production relations expressed in the antagonism between the ruling class and the ruled class, between the needs of the masses and the moral and legal codes to which they must conform—the resolution of this conflict will result in the resolution of the conflict between ego and super-ego. One is almost tempted to predict a "withering away" of the super-ego under complete communism and the development of a psychic apparatus in which the "reality principle" of the ego holds sway. To recommend then to the Communist Party that "it hasten to provide such a leader" is not only un-Marxian but un-Freudian. It would imply that we condone the incompatibility between the needs of the masses and the demands made on them by the present social system. It is opportunism of the worst sort.

It is to be hoped that the illogical and reactionary recommendations made in this last chapter will not obscure in the eyes of Marxists the valuable contribution which Osborn makes by his demonstration of the dialectical-materialist nature of psychoanalysis.

EDMUND WEIL.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Norris and Maverick, progressive Americans—Kenneth Burke and history—Remarque and Werfel

LIBERALISM developed during the nineteenth century as the voice of middle-class industrialism. What the new factory-owners and financiers wanted was freedom to pursue their own advantage without interference, and a political machinery that recognized and reflected their preponderance of power. This freedom was stated in terms of a ringing justification of individual liberty. Individualism, indeed, became the philosophic core of liberalism—covering aspirations far more sweeping than those of crude acquisition, crying out against the exploitation and ruining of human personality. The Gradgrinds, Sir Jabesh Windbags, and Bounderbys were disconcerted to find their individualism of private gain challenged by an individualism of public welfare. And gradually libertarian liberals themselves came to realize that individual liberty could be guaranteed only by organic social control, that the individual is inseparable from the community. The logic of liberalism led imperceptibly to the logic of nineteenth-century socialism and present-day communism.

The two political biographies we have here* cover almost eighty years in these mutations of liberalism. Senator Norris was born in 1861, when Minister Adams was struggling to prevent the weight of England's cotton trade from pulling liberals like Russell and Gladstone into recognition of the Confederacy. Norris grew up in Nebraska while America was changing from a pioneer to an industrial economy. From 1902, when he entered Congress as a member of the Republican Party, believing in its liberal professions of devotion to popular welfare, Norris has moved from conformity to insurgence and independence, and through these to an insistence on the curbing of financial rapacity in the interests of communal well-being. Representative Maverick, an admirer and in a sense a protegé of Senator Norris, today sees with no enthusiasm that "exploiting groups" make themselves "top dogs" and "skin the lickins around the edge of the dollar-pot," and shouts for national economic and social planning. Maverick has no love for Marxists, but he is closer to them than he thinks, and he is still in his forty-second year. The curve from the earlier to the later Norris, and from Norris to Maverick, reveals a highly significant pattern in political movement.

Norris himself did not cease to be a regular Republican until he was in his forties, but since then he, more than Maverick, has been one of the real Mavericks in American politics. In the early days of the World War he perceived the relation between the profits of finance-capitalism and militarist propaganda; and he denounced the subserviency of the Senate to President Wilson, "the man at the head of the pie counter," in nullifying true neutrality. With LaFollette, Norris stood among the "little group of willful men" who defeated the armed-ships bill, and fought hopelessly to keep America out of war, crying, "We are about to put the dollar sign upon the American flag." To outline his career since the war is to list a roll-call of honorable battles: Teapot Dome, Muscle Shoals, the "lame duck" amendment, opposition to the appointments of McReynolds, Butler, and Hughes, and support for Brandeis and Cardozo, constant and flaming antagonism to the unscrupulous activities of public utilities, an unresting campaign for harnessing hydro-electric power for social use.

The personal integrity of Norris's character, however, is revealed no more clearly than the ambiguities of historical liberalism. Norris has realized that in modern society the welfare of the individual—the millions of individuals who form the people—can be improved only by socialized planning. But Norris himself, perhaps ingrained with the personal individual-

Gardner Rea

"Listen, will you please stop turning up rocks? You might discover another Max Eastman."

* INTEGRITY: THE LIFE OF GEORGE W. NORRIS, *by Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn. Vanguard Press.* $3.

A MAVERICK AMERICAN, *by Maury Maverick. Covici-Friede.* $3.

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ism of the isolated pioneer farmer, perhaps reacting still against the early efforts of machine politics to dragoon him into regularity, has consistently chosen to play a lone hand, refusing to be either leader or follower in any permanent organization. In a similar way, he manifests the traditional bias of liberalism toward political objectives. By no means blind to the rôle of social and economic forces, he has supported but has been no initiator of legislation in such fields. "Most of Norris's demands for alterations in the basic law have been in the mechanics of politics." He has demanded no changes in the economic order, and seems to believe that despite all the weapons available to capitalism, big business and democracy can exist side by side.

Mr. Maverick goes considerably further. He knows that group antagonisms ("share-cropper kick nigger," "union against union," "fight the foreigner") are tricks bolstering up the rule of "the dear old industrialist." He knows that "The old theory of unregenerate masses of people who won't work and 'don't want to live in good houses' is a cold-blooded lie." And he insists again and again on unified economic organization for individual welfare: "There must be some general pattern, or 'plan,' whether the 'Liberty' Leaguers like the word or not. For a plan is simply necessary if we are to exist and save the land."

And in spite of his clowning, his calculated gum-chewing slanginess, and his deliberate cultivation of irrelevance and oddity, Mr. Maverick is by no means as crazy as he sounds. Maybe he lives in an ex-trolley car and rides horses up Capitol Hill, but he's nobody's fool. He puts no bunk into a series of chapters that might have been war-hero stuff, and as a southerner he has no greater dislike for the sentimentalizing of Harper's Ferry than he has for "magnolia blossoms, the virtue of womanhood, . . . and a lot of bunk about states' rights." He has ridden the rails, slept in hobo jungles, and vomited on Salvation Army handouts. He has organized the unemployed into coöperative groups, seen how they worked, and generalized shrewdly about the obstacles to their working. All this experience he precipitates into the lively pages of his book.

Far more of his shrewdness and far more of his experience than Mr. Maverick would perhaps be willing to admit derives its wisdom from Marxist insights. He has a strong prejudice against people "talking a strange tongue of Marxian dialectics," and derides the terminology: "proletarian ideology," "economic determinism," "crisis symptomology," "the class struggle." He says: "These, I tell you, American people do not understand, and do not like." But he satirizes just as violently the professional jargon of New Deal economists. "The word nodule," he told Rexford Tugwell, "is not understood by the American people, nor is it understood by me, which makes it worse—and I do not want to know what it means. . . . Nodule my eye!"

Now, there is a defense of such vocabularies, but I think Mr. Maverick is right in claiming that they do not belong in the realm

Woodcut by Helen West Heller

of persuasive discourse. They are the abstract chemical symbols of social thinking, and as such they concentrate a good deal of meaning (to those who understand them) in little space and are a great convenience to intellectual manipulation, a sort of sociological shorthand. But Kenneth Burke has pointed out the rhetorical desirability of translating such concepts into richer and more colorful terms when we want to invoke a "strategy of appeal." So examined, Mr. Maverick himself might be surprised to learn how much Marxist thought he has popularized for his constituents into racy American slang. Not that he is by any means a thorough-going Marxist, of course, but he reinforces—as an up-to-the-minute model of the individualistic liberalism that Senator Norris also exemplifies—the analysis with which this review began. The living core of liberalism, to preserve its life, has had to merge individualism in a sense of responsibility to the community, and to transcend its prosperous middle-class origins for the world.

Neither of these books is of great stature as biography. Mr. Maverick happily conveys his own personality by gossiping about everything on earth and ignoring what he calls "statistics": chronological narration of events. Lots of events get in, though, and lots of opinions and character, too, but all pretty jumbled. Messrs. Neuberger and Kahn stick to Senator Norris's public career, making little effort to recreate his private character, and their earlier chapters sound too much like an Alger book. But without any claim to having written a work of biographical art, the authors have done a useful job of journalism, and the personality of George W. Norris is decisive enough even so to emerge with considerable life from their pages. EDGAR JOHNSON.

The Science of Symbology

ATTITUDES TOWARD HISTORY, *by Kenneth Burke, in two volumes. The New Republic, $1 per volume.*

ONE of the subjects which people engaged in the profession of public relations might well study at great length is the matter of those terms which serve to fix or change attitudes. The subject may be called symbology, the study of symbols. As a matter of fact, the great majority of publicists are well aware of the enormous importance of this "science," and learn of it, though dispersedly, in books on social psychology, business psychology, and the like. They moreover practice the science without knowing it, through the mere application of common sense, or of the method of "trial and error" to the use of public symbols in their work. The American advertising man knows most about this subject, though he misuses it with cheaply cynical facility, and makes it into a technique to kid people into buying his product. The same goes for public relations counselors and the like.

The political propagandist is the one who can learn most from a specific study of popular symbols. Too many such writers and lecturers deal with their audiences as if other people's ideas were as broad and as scientific as their own. It has often been said that the application of some of the techniques of advertising to political propaganda would be a valuable reform; all this means is that propaganda should be brought more nearly into key with the symbols by which people think and act.

Kenneth Burke has written a most seminal essay upon this subject of symbols; he will, I am afraid, be surprised to learn that its value is largely in the field of practical agitation. I say surprised for reasons which I shall soon make clear.

But first, the constructive element in the book. Burke has realized the enormous value of symbols, and also the great difficulty in working in such a subject without a vocabulary of definitions to work with. It is impossible to devise a *system* whereby attitudes may be dealt with, without having a nomenclature to define the principal facts about these attitudes, and how they work. He, therefore, has erected a system of names, including about thirty-five words and phrases, which may be considered to cover the field of symbols, public attitudes toward them, and their dialectics. This "dictionary of pivotal terms" forms the last section of his book.

The first three-fourths of the book contains material of an extremely varied nature, in which the author himself learns as he writes, learns the full meaning of some of his terms, enlarges on them, and discovers some of their many connotations. It would not be fair to say, perhaps, that the first three-fourths of the book are just notes for the last quarter; yet that is somehow the effect. However, it is true that a dictionary, arranged alphabetically, would not permit a full understanding of the term "alienation" (one of his finest), because of great importance in defining that term is the term "symbols of authority," which appears at the end of the dictionary under "s." I, therefore, would like to caution readers to be patient as they go through the book, and to be aware, if possible, of what is going on: the somewhat painful creation of criteria whereby the final dictionary "definitions" will be made clear.

This undoubtedly sounds pretty formidable;

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I want to confess that I found it so. The acquisition of any new (or relatively new) realm of knowledge is quite a job. Burke does not make it any easier, for the simple reason that he himself found it a very difficult thing; and it shows through his writing. The reading of this book is a peculiar experience: it is like a sympathetic attendance at the actual gestation of a new thing; all the birth pains are vicariously experienced by the reader, as the author goes through them himself. But the result in the end is enormously worthwhile.

To carry on the birth-metaphor: in the gestative process of producing the "new" science of symbology, the author also gives birth to a relatively useless placenta. Historically, (or should I say "popularly"?) symbolism has always been classed as one of the artistic processes. This concept goes back to and beyond Socrates himself. The importance of symbols in psychology may be said to have been discovered by Freud. Anyhow, Burke's difficulty is that he deals at great length with the purely literary problem of symbols; thus, some sections have an oddly vestigial effect. In producing an apparatus for the use of social scientists, he has had to take the literary symbol, inject psychological significances into it (where they do undoubtedly exist, but where they are of relatively small social importance), and then "transcend" (his own word) this concept into the psychological study of public symbols. The result is that some sections of the book have little or no value on the end-product save as "talking to oneself" or "thinking out loud." Burke himself seems to realize this, since at one time he says he is a literary critic—and at another a student of social phenomena. Perhaps the book is an example of the growth of one man from one level to another.

At any rate, despite these difficulties, *Attitudes Toward History* eventually turns out to be what its title says, and much more. The dialectical process of his thought leads to a series of very clear formulations on the relations of people to the "symbols of authority;" these definitions, though still in a somewhat formative state, are a remarkable step forward from the lack of comprehensible meanings under which the propagandist has hitherto labored.

I might add that of great importance is the fact that these terms themselves are all simple English words or phrases—there is little of that prostitution of dead languages to make a scientific terminology which has made some sciences so unapproachable.

There are many minor things, with which one disagrees violently, in addition to the overstress given to the purely personal literary symbology of the artist. Burke's attitude toward Marxism is that of a dog gingerly flirting with a porcupine—a sort of frightened friendliness which, I feel, is due to an incomplete understanding of theory as well as a total lack of practice. And his dealings with the social aspects of his definitions suffer somewhat from a tendency to idealism, to generalization rather than the specific example. This does not mean that there are no practical examples. There are many, some of them very illuminating. But for the most part, they are either literary or "ancient"—historical, as well as over-generalized; the need is for a book of case histories. However, that is not entirely avoidable; it will be the job of either Burke himself or some other student to take the definitions and give them a more practical application. To have done that in this book would have required a third volume—and very probably a different author.

The fact remains that at least twenty-five of Burke's thirty-five definitions are of a sort that will undoubtedly become weapons in the hands of students of social psychology. This is an extremely high average. In the end, it really means that *Attitudes Toward History* has succeeded in pinning down to the specific a realm of knowledge which heretofore has existed more or less in the form of unrationalized intuition and "common sense."

GROFF CONKLIN.

Homeless Exiles

THREE COMRADES, *by Erich Maria Remarque. Little, Brown & Co.* $2.75.
TWILIGHT OF A WORLD, *by Franz Werfel. Viking Press.* $3.00.

THE World War and fascism have admittedly affected radical shifts in social and personal evaluations, especially among liberal writers. Yet the danger of over-optimistic graphing of future directives is particularly great in their case. For these liberals the extent of organic revolution is especially conditioned by the rooted power which the past—*out* of which the new must emerge—holds over them. In many more instances than we might wish, inability to recognize the cherished values of the past as integrated elements in the charted social polity makes for a disconsolate homelessness, for idealizations of the "old." Remarque and Werfel illustrate such nostalgic patterns in contemporary German letters.

Three Comrades continues Remarque's story of the emasculated German war-youth, begun in *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *The Road Back*. The faint social criticism and hope of the earlier novels have here given way to a sense of bottomless futility. Remarque has reduced his former wide canvas to three characters, Robert Lohkamp, Gottfried Lenz, and Otto Köster who run a filling station and automobile repair-shop. They emerged from the war with complete loss of faith in political parties or social affiliations, determined to be sufficient unto themselves. The social element in the novel is represented by a fourth comrade —their automobile which they call Karl. Karl is a shabby-looking car, but possesses a powerful motor. Karl's speed and ready obedience give them a sense of "belonging," of "power." As Karl speeds on in any direction he is driven, so the three comrades live on without purpose or plan, gaining their freedom through endless drinking parties. They frankly prefer to burn life thus, rather than "invest it in five percents." Theirs is the kind of life on "short term credits" made familiar by Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*.

Soriano

This generation places no value on political relations, yet longs for "pure" human warmth and love. The three thus cling to one another, bound by the deepest friendship. When Robert meets lovely Patricia Hollmann, we get a measure of the tenderness this hard-boiled group is capable of. However, Pat (she comes from a family of generals) unlike Karl, while healthy and aristocratic in appearance, is inwardly broken. She dies in a sanatorium for tuberculars. Karl is sold. Robert's surface life is now completely without content.

Remarque has written a tale of melancholy and loneliness, of the desperate clinging to last remnants of personal friendships and loves, further saddened by the feeling that these, too, are fugitive and uncertain. The three comrades, steering clear of all political tie-ups, are disdainful of both the Nazis and the Communists, although the latter come off a shade better. Yet, the pre-Hitlerite era is reflected not only in the aimlessness of their existence, but also in the temper of their reactions. When one of the comrades is killed, the other two refuse to seek legal redress—"because we're going to settle that by ourselves, without any police." Meanwhile, storm troopers are marching in the streets. Soon, the Reichstag will burn. Even with Patricia and Karl alive, what might the three offer to prevent the deluge of the Brown "comradeship" from engulfing them? They have not grown since 1914 and 1918. Only their adolescent *Weltschmerz* has been deepened.

The feeling of homelessness, of belonging to two epochs also permeates *Twilight of a World*. The volume is an omnibus of Werfel's better known prose narratives. In them, we find the themes developed in the novels *The Pure in Heart, The Pascarella Family,* and *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*. The motifs of guilt and death run through most of the short stories (particularly *Poor People; Class Reunion, Not the Murderer*), coupled with that of fascination for the abyss. Written between 1920 and 1931, they reflect the uprootedness of the post-war decade. While Remarque's despair is untempered by any faith in the past, present, or future, Werfel's pessimism issues from a nostalgic longing for the Austria that was. And in an astounding pro-

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logue written especially for this collection, Werfel proceeds to defend the thesis that with the passing of the old Austrian empire, something of permanent value perished, giving way to our present ills. As this prologue is the only "news" element in the book, I propose to center my discussion on it.

The essay is remarkable for its frank and earnest espousal of an almost incredible notion, namely that the Austrian state was "the transcendent idea of the empire," entailing "the highest possible personal freedom within a highly responsible community." In the empire, its people lived "their common life" and found their "earthly happiness, serving the while the higher idea." Austria appears to Werfel to have constituted the last European bulwark against nationalism which he couples with industrial capitalism, materialism, and class warfare. That is, Werfel defends Austria as *the symbol of feudal socialism,* of a benevolent paternal internationalism. He is consistent enough to greet this principle in its purer feudal frames. When Charlemagne received the crown of the Roman Cæsars, it marked "one of the great moments in history." The last noble personality of "the transcendent idea" was Franz Joseph, whom Werfel exalts in an inspired panegyric as the last of the Cæsars, the last "father" of the people, standing for order, peace, culture, for "universal humanity." This principle was doomed when "modern nationalism and its scientific theories overshadowed the imperial idea of Occidental Christianity." From this view, the annexations by which the Ostmark, a small German-speaking group, became the ruler over some twenty-four heterogeneous nationalities appear as a mystical good, and their attempts at independence become acts of fanaticism. What of the relation of class strife to the imperial idea? In its feudal form, such strife did not exist for Werfel. And the war between capital and labor was irrelevant to "the roots of the imperial idea."

Seen simply, Werfel's thesis is crowded with bad history enveloped by thick mysticism. Old Austria collapsed because it was a kind of crazy feudal house of cards, artificially held together by a ruthless absolutism, similar to that practiced by czarist Russia. The feeling that this structure was *not* a unity, that it lacked the permanence and universality Werfel ascribes to it, found expression in the nervous, super-sensitive Austrian literature of the last century and a half. Indeed, this social and political instability made for a cult of the *moment,* of "frivolous melancholy," most characteristically expressed by Johann Strauss and Schnitzler. Werfel himself senses this element in "the Austrian," as the spirit of transitoriness, and dissolution is present in his own work.

Speaking of the last Austrian emperor, Werfel notes that, in order to save "the idea," Franz Joseph was ready to *ally himself with the proletariat,* in an effort to fight off their common enemy, "the fanatic nationalism displayed by the aroused middle classes." Is this Werfel's passing glimpse that the internation-

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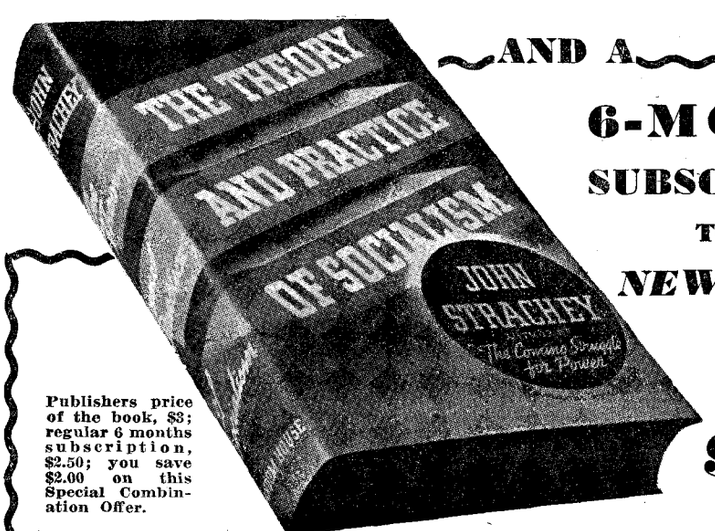

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alism Austria supposedly incorporated is today championed by the working class and those militant groups working for socialism? Since a "return to the thirteenth century" is an organic and historic impossibility, is not Werfel pledged, in all good sense, to seek for the *contemporary equivalent* of the international idea he finds in Austria's feudal past? In short, if it is a socially orientated idea which Werfel holds, must he not embrace socialism, at least in its theoretical directives, as the nearest approximation to his ideal of "the highest possible personal freedom within a highly responsible community?" It might be further urged that such phenomena (which Werfel himself notes) as a Mozart dying young, "buried like a dog," possible under the old Austrian paternalism, would be avoided under modern socialism.

Translated into its "ideal" meaning, Werfel's protest is against fascist nationalism with its accompanying rapacious industrialism. And Werfel is dimly aware that the idea he fights for was not actualized in his Austria. This is, ironically enough, evident from his stories as well. In *Not the Murderer* (published in 1920), a son is frustrated in every one of his human directives by a father who stands for the military Austrian, a story that almost justifies parricide. What, I think, Werfel is actually doing is performing a kind of prayer for values in a past that was a "home," a past now lost to him, and for which he has not been able to find an equivalent. Even the prologue ends on a note which questions the entire position set forth.

In Remarque and Werfel, we have the dilemma of the liberal exile living under non-liberal exigencies. HARRY SLOCHOWER.

Brief Review

THE SECOND UNITED ORDER OF THE MORMONS, *by Edward J. Allen, Columbia University Press.* $2.25.

The Mormons have a place in common knowledge as advocates of polygamy. Their important place in history is as an experiment on an exceptionally large scale of communal economic living. This book makes a useful but not discriminating or searching interpretative survey of the course of the experiment.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Rebellion in Ireland and the colonies—Notable recordings

IT is dubious praise to insist that *Wee Willie Winkie* (20th Century-Fox) which is based on Kipling's apotheosis of Victorian imperialism, is Shirley Temple's finest film; or that John Ford (of *Informer* fame) has endowed the film with a great deal of physical excitement. For no matter how you look at it, it is first and foremost merely another Shirley Temple vehicle and secondly another in the Darryl F. Zanuck series of British films that began with his production of *Clive of India.*

In her earlier films, Shirley reconciled estranged parents, healed lovers' quarrels, tamed terrible kidnapers, and played Cupid. Now she wins the affections of the tough soldier, Victor McLaglen, soothes the local native leader, Khoda Khan (Cesare Romero), and (now that she has grown up) has a romance of her own with a cute little drummer-boy. She does what the colonial army could not do: she brings peace (!) to the natives of India. But not before her grandfather who is a leader of the British troops tells her that England wishes to "civilize" these "savages," that it is for their own good that Queen Victoria wishes these "fuzzy-wuzzies" to become her subjects, not before then does Shirley bring out the best in Khoda Khan, and of course makes him see the British point of view.

It is one of the tragedies of Hollywood that a man like John Ford has to pay with such films as *Wee Willie Winkie, Dr. Bull, Judge Priest,* and *Pilgrimage* for every *Informer.* An analogous situation exists in the case of King Vidor, who has to pay with a dozen tear-jerkers like *Stella Dallas* (United Artists) for every film like *Our Daily Bread.* It is even more tragic that these men have to continue to produce trite films for the Great Goldwyn or for Darryl Zanuck who will continue to peddle this brand of British imperialism, ignoring the fact that in Ireland bombs are set off when George VI dares to pay his subjects a visit.

An entirely different picture of British imperialism is on view at New York's 55th Street Playhouse which is currently exhibiting *Ourselves Alone* (Gaumont British), as fine a film as we've had about the Irish rebellion of 1921 since John Ford gave us *The Informer.* The theme may be similar to that of Samuel Goldwyn's *Beloved Enemy,* but the comparison ends right there. It has the distinction of being a much more honest and sincere motion picture. The first half of the film is a graphic and realistic dramatization of the underground revolutionary movement in Ireland and the guerrilla warfare between the revolutionaries and the Black and Tans. Like *Beloved Enemy,* the story concerns itself with the betrayal of a rebel leader by a girl who is in love with an officer of the British army. Although the love interest weakens the structure of the film, since it introduces concessions to contemporary England (the film was produced there), the first half is excellent, and the intentions of the director throughout make *Ourselves Alone* a film you should see. Its director, Desmond Hurst, is a young Irishman who some years ago made an "arty" picturization of Poe's *Tell-Tale Heart.*

Saratoga (M.G.M.): This last film of Jean Harlow's can have only a gruesome attraction for movie fans. It is a race track story that is neither a film nor an example of the late Miss Harlow's ability.

PETER ELLIS.

PHONOGRAPH MUSIC

IN the August Columbia list can be found the gem of the month, William Primrose's performance of an unknown Handel concerto in B-minor for viola and small orchestra, discovered and arranged by Henri Casadesus. Primrose, who once played with the London and Brosa string quartets, is probably the finest viola soloist living, what with superlative technique, a warm, luscious tone, and taste not too often found in virtuosi. The concerto itself is simple and direct, with a particularly moving andante, and a finale that is surprisingly modern. Walter Goehr conducts the competent accompanying orchestra.

The Lener Quartet is with us again in a recording of the Beethoven A-major quartet, Opus 18, No. 5 (Columbia 301). The most surprising thing about the album is the descriptive leaflet which is actually condescending about this early Beethoven work. At least it makes a refreshing contrast to the gush exuded by Victor's blurb writers. There is not much to be said about the performance that has not been said of the Leners before, for the playing is direct and unsubtle, the minuetto lacking in grace, and the first violin sometimes faulty in intonation. On the whole, however, it is silly to be captious, for the interpretation is more than competent. Incidentally, the last movement is one of the greatest in all of Beethoven's early chamber music.

John Heliker

It would be surprising indeed if a month went by without some recording from Ernst Victor Wolff, harpsichordist and pianist. He turns up again in the lists of the enterprising Gamut company in two Scarlatti sonatas (G-major and F-minor) and two lesser works by Purcell, the bombastic toccata in A-major and the suite in D-minor. The F-minor Scarlatti sonata is exceedingly attractive and sensitively played, whereas the G-major is full of the composer's cliches. The volume level of the Purcell toccata is so high that the supposedly delicate harpsichord sounds mightier than the Paramount Wurlitzer.

A delightful ten-inch record by Lehman Engel's W.P.A. Madrigal Singers completes the new Gamut list. This excellently trained group gives light, airy performances of two humorous Haydn choral works, "Die Harmonie in der Ehe" and "Die Beredsamkeit." These singers, incidentally, may be heard every Tuesday night on radio station WMCA and its six affiliates on the inter-city chain.

The new Victor releases have not yet been received, but I think I am safe in recommending without qualification the Budapest String Quartet's version (Album M-348) of the F-major Mozart quartet (K. 590) which the Stradivarius Quartet recorded for Columbia last month. The Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky has recorded Tchaikovsky's overture to *Romeo and Juliet,* which is strangely coupled with an excerpt hitherto unrecorded from Sibelius's *Swan-White Suite.* Arthur Rubinstein has recorded the Chopin polonaises, and Menuhin the Bach A-minor concerto, with Enesco conducting.

Beethoven's trio in C-minor, Opus I, No. 3 a very minor work, makes its recorded debut on Musicraft this month, competently played by the American Art Trio composed of Milton Kaye, pianist, Max Hollander, violinist, and Sterling Hunkins, cellist. The recording is good, but the surfaces are still a little noisy.

AFTER AN ABSENCE of many months, Benny Goodman's orchestra is back on records. By far the best of his new sides is "Roll 'Em" (Victor 25627), a Kansas City boogie-woogie by Mary Lou Williams, in which his superlative pianist, Jess Stacy, gets the chance of his lifetime. In fact, the solos of Goodman, Harry James, trumpet, and Stacy are all as good as any that have been heard recently on disks, more than compensating for the hectic

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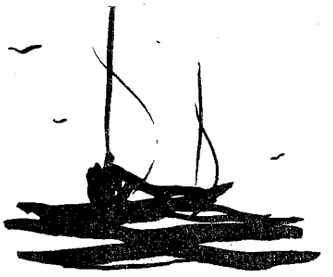

A. Ajay

last chorus, in which the drummer makes a terrific racket and rushes tempo unpardonably. Goodman's double-sided twelve-inch record of "Sing Sing Sing" will be released sometime in August, and contains a lot of really good improvisation by the best of the white folk.

But the best of the white folk still cannot compare to the really good Negroes in relaxed, unpretentious dance music.

Gershwin, the most gifted of Broadway's catchy melodists, died at a time when his work was becoming more pretentious and hence more sterile. His so-called serious works, the piano concerto and the infamous *Rhapsody in Blue* probably will not live to plague his memory, but his magnificent lilting show tunes will continue to provide the best improvisers of this and future days with inspiration. There are many excellent recordings of his good tunes by small jam bands like Red Norvo's Septet, Teddy Wilson, Goodman's trio and quartet, and Jones-Smith, Inc.

Bessie Smith, the greatest of the blues singers, may be heard once again on records. The United Hot Club of America has had repressings made of her two masterpieces, "Young Woman's Blues" and "Baby Doll," with accompaniment that surpasses description from the trumpet player Joe Smith, aided by Fletcher Henderson and Buster Bailey. The Hot Record Society, of 303 Fifth Avenue, New York City, has just issued another of her gems, "One and Two Blues," with the same accompanists, backed by a grand Armstrong primitive "Cornet Chop Suey." Both these records may be ordered from the Commodore Record Shop, 144 E. 42nd St., N. Y.

THE eighty-four hour week is something many of us thought had vanished in the New York area, but until last week it was a very real factor in the lives of the salesmen in the best known music store on Broadway. This particular store is open sixteen hours a day including Sunday, and the employees put in a twelve-hour day with one day off in fifteen. After months of delay the union finally got around to signing a contract with Mr. O. Saporta, and now his salesmen enjoy the comparative ease of a forty-eight hour week, a slight salary increase, and the feeling that they are once again members of the human family. JOHN HAMMOND.

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the electrical transmission and in the playing. Musicraft is responsible for one of the most recent releases, which I haven't had a chance to hear as yet. But for Bach fans in general and for partisans of the suite in A-major in particular, Musicraft Album No. 3 is worth looking into. Seven sides are devoted to the suite, with Stefan Frenkel doing the fiddling and Ernst Victor Wolff at the harpsichord. The eighth side is the Bach fugue in G-minor for violin and figured bass, with the same duo performing, Mr. Wolff having filled out the basso continuo part of the score for harpsichord.

Handel's sixth concerto for harpsichord and orchestra, B-flat major, is recorded by Victor on three sides of two ten-inch disks. The saramande and gigue from Handel's eleventh harsichord suite take the fourth side. Crisp, clean playing distinguishes the performance of Roesgen-Champion at the harpsichord and the orchestra under Piero Coppola. If you have a decided taste in string tone you may feel a certain chill at times, but on the whole it is a very satisfactory job. R. W.

★

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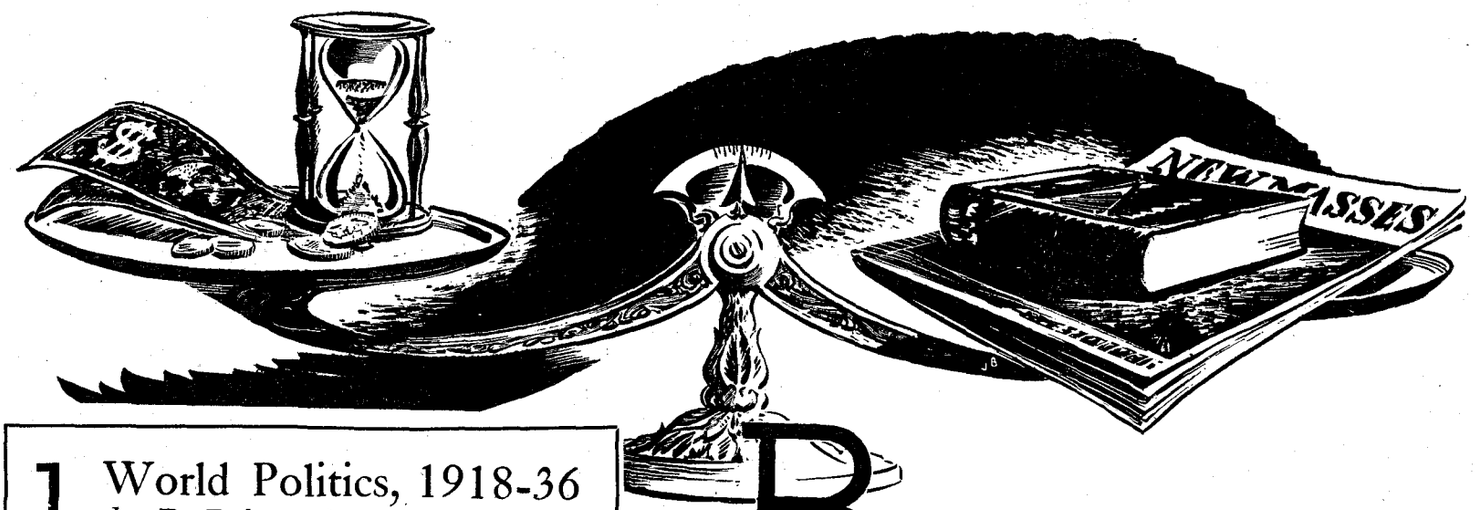

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